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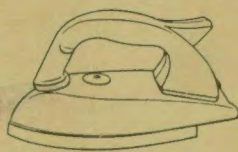
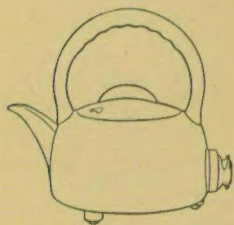
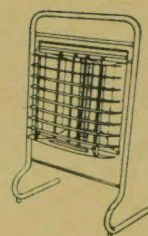
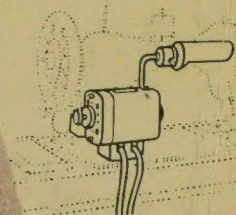
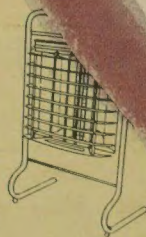
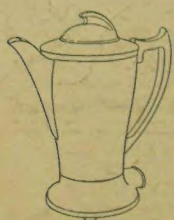
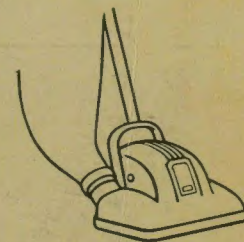
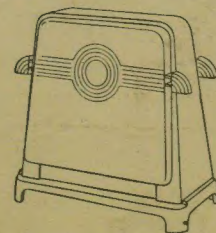


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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1951.



AN ACT OF SACRILEGE, THE THEFT OF THE STONE OF SCONE FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE CORONATION CHAIR, SHOWING THE SPACE BENEATH THE SEAT FROM WHICH IT WAS REMOVED.

Early on Christmas morning the Coronation Stone, also known as the Stone of Scone, was stolen from under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, where it had rested for over 600 years. The thieves, who apparently concealed themselves in the Abbey overnight, tore the stone from the box-like space under the Chair. As the stone weighs over 4 cwt., it seems clear that the task called for

the strength of at least two persons, and probably more. Our photograph, which shows an Abbey official surveying the damaged Coronation Chair, gives some idea of the distance which the heavy stone had to be lowered by the thieves before they dragged it to the door at Poets' Corner. Photographs of the Coronation Stone and a description of the sacrilegious theft appear on other pages.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

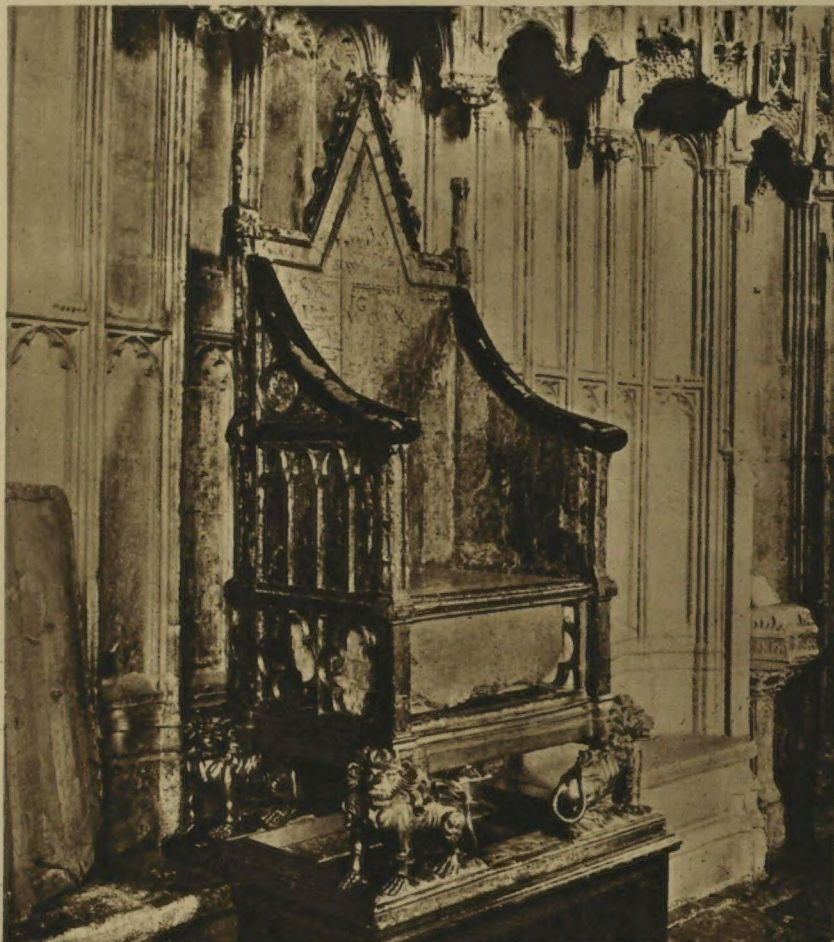
HAVING had occasion during the past few months to lay aside temporarily the study of one period of English history to read, with a view to writing of it, something of our island story as a whole, I have been greatly struck with the way in which, while human nature, geography and natural law remain over immense periods of time practically unchanged, the ideas of men and consequently their activities and modes of life vary wildly from age to age. I am speaking, of course, of men living in organised communities. Thus, the men of this island in the early dark ages after the fall of Rome were obsessed, naturally enough, with the negative and sterile notion of bewailing a fallen past; the new invaders of the island who sought their inheritance were obsessed with the idea of Eternity; the men of the Renaissance with that of discovery; our eighteenth-century ancestors with that of the happy mean; the Victorians with notions of moral propriety. And looking at the past in this way—looking at it, that is, through a very magnifying lens—one begins to ask oneself what, in the broad perspective of the age, to those who look back on our ways of life and achievement, will seem the dominant obsession of our own time. And I can think of only one answer: the importance of man-made machinery. And that goes both for the technical machinery that operates on matter and the administrative machinery that operates on and organises society.

Our machines are certainly, to use a much-abused word, wonderful. They would have surprised our less well-equipped ancestors and have filled them with wonder and admiration. Man has invented a machine by which his voice can be carried round the world in a few seconds and heard by millions. He has invented machines which can bear him at hitherto unimagined speeds at vast altitudes through the heavens; machines which can perform every kind of technical process; machines which can delve deep into the earth, cut and gather and dry the crops he needs for daily bread, capture the scenes and sounds of the present and transmit them to posterity. All this and much more the mechanical instruments that have sprung from man's ingenious brain and industrious hand can do. He has even invented a machine which can destroy in a second the creation of centuries and which may soon, it is predicted and even, by some, hoped, be able to dissolve the earth itself. It is not surprising that his achievement and that of his inanimate and invented creatures has caused man to over-estimate his own place in the universe and to assume, not only that he is as high as the angels, but that the angels do not exist. He looks around at a globe increasingly controlled by his machines and can see nothing else. He cannot even see his Creator. For he can not any longer see himself and does not realise any more that he enjoys—and needs—a Creator.

For modern man, in his obsession with machines, has forgotten the element without which they could not have been invented and without which they cannot for long even be maintained. In the last resort every man-made machine, however powerful and intricate, depends, for its creation, functioning and continuance, on man, its creator. And equally man himself depends for his own creation, functioning and

continuance on the unknown force or spirit that has made and sustains him. And the peril in which our generation, with its marvellous mechanical equipment, finds itself arises wholly from its forgetfulness of this elementary truth. We devote our attention increasingly to improving our machines and to making them function properly instead of to the far more important and fundamental problem of improving

THE CHRISTMAS THEFT OF THE FAMOUS CORONATION STONE.



IN ITS CUSTOMARY POSITION BENEATH THE CORONATION CHAIR WHICH WAS SPECIALLY BUILT TO ENCLOSE IT: THE STONE OF SCONE, WHICH WAS STOLEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

At the time of writing a nation-wide search is being conducted for the Coronation Stone, the historic Stone of Scone, or Stone of Destiny, which was stolen from its place beneath the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey early on Christmas morning. The Coronation Stone, a roughly rectangular hewn block of coarse-grained reddish-grey sandstone, has been used in English coronation ceremonies since it was wrested from the Scots in 1296. It was previously the Coronation Stone for the crowning of Kings of Scotland. Legend identifies the stone with Jacob's Pillow, the sacred stone of Ireland, and the Chair of St. Columba. Still fixed in the ends of the stone are the rusty iron shackles, each terminating in a ring through which was passed a pole when the stone was carried from place to place. More photographs relating to the theft of this historic stone appear on other pages in this issue.

man and making him function properly. It is because as a result he is not doing so that our machines have become an even greater menace to man's happiness and well-being than they have become a blessing.

Deep down, at the bottom of this *malaise*—the cause which renders him forgetful of his own nature and its fundamental needs—is man's forgetfulness of his Maker. Man, as any honest and heartfelt converse with himself and his own profound loneliness will quickly reveal to him, is a spiritual as well as material being. It is indeed this, one suspects,

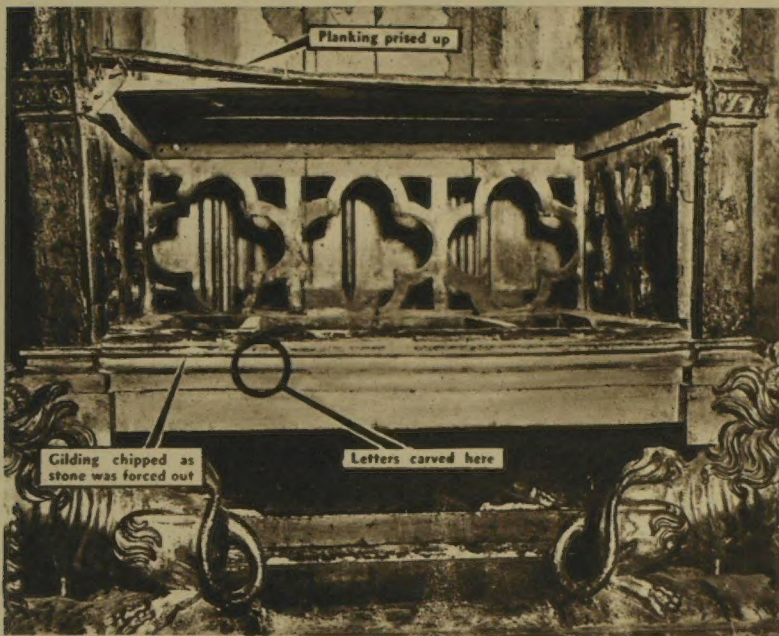
that makes him materially such a more wonderful, elastic and enduring material machine than any of those he has contrived to create out of matter; he has succeeded creatively in everything except in the supreme act of creation, of infusing the spirit of life into the ingenious but insentient and soulless creatures he has formed. The degree of that ultimate failure can be seen in a comparison between the capacity, versatility and durability of even the finest machine and those of man himself. Man can turn his hand to new and completely different tasks: a machine can not; man can recreate himself out of his failure: a machine can not; man can endure when he has reached the material limit of his endurance: a machine can not. Whether man evinces all of which he is capable depends, of course, on how he is bred, educated and treated; this is why the care of men and women is so much more important than the care of machinery. That the leaders of our generation, political, industrial and administrative, think otherwise is a measure of their incapacity for real leadership. Thus, in the industrial sphere, men are condemned by organised society to spirit-killing tasks which render them the servile parts instead of the living controls of some machine; and in the administrative sphere the institutions which educate and evoke virtue from men are subordinated to the organisations which regulate and dragoon him. An extreme illustration of this was the infatuated way in which even in war, when human loyalty, valour and endurance were so patently beyond all price, the Regiment which creates these virtues was repeatedly sacrificed to serve the purely mechanical ends of what well-intentioned War Office administrators, far from the battlefield, called logistics. It is only when man realises, in the worship of that perfection we call God, his own imperfection and the consequent miracle of his own occasional achievement of virtue, that he becomes impressed with the necessity of fostering virtue. We moderns, believing virtue to be inherent in ourselves, do not realise that necessity and fail accordingly. We believe that we can solve the problem of existence solely by our own formulas: that our intelligences are all-comprehending, our integrity absolute, our hearts full of undiluted loving kindness. With our smattering of scientific knowledge and the ingenious toys we have wrought from it we think we are infallible and altogether righteous. Presently, with the growing disasters of

our age that spring from this ghastly mistake and the self-worship that attends it, we shall return to humility and sanity. We shall rediscover what we are and the immensity of the power of natural law against which we vainly pit ourselves and our machines. We shall then see the latter in their true proportion, as Isaac Newton saw himself and the scientists of his day, plucking pebbles by the seashore while the whole immense ocean of truth lies undiscovered before us. We shall cease to be vulgar and mechanical in our conceptions and become humane again. Some new obsession will, doubtless, dominate us, for man can never for very long see things steadily and see them whole, but it will at least not be the silly obsession that, because we can create toys out of matter, we are Gods.



THE ANOINTING OF KING GEORGE VI. AT HIS CORONATION: HIS MAJESTY IN THE CORONATION CHAIR WITH THE STONE OF SCONE BENEATH THE SEAT. THE CHAIR HAS BEEN USED AT EVERY CORONATION SINCE THAT OF EDWARD II., SAVE THAT OF MARY I. AND MARY II.

From the painting by Fortunino Matania, R.I., reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of May 15, 1937.



WEIGHING OVER 4 CWT.: THE CORONATION STONE, A ROUGHLY RECTANGULAR HEWN BLOCK OF REDDISH-GREY SANDSTONE MEASURING 26½ BY 16½ INS. AND 11 INS. THICK.

DAMAGED DURING THE THEFT OF THE CORONATION STONE: THE CORONATION CHAIR (KING EDWARD'S CHAIR), ON WHICH THE SCRATCHED LETTERS "J.F.S." WERE FOUND.

A THEFT and an act of sacrilege which has shocked the country was perpetrated in the early hours of Christmas morning when the historic Stone of Scone was removed from its place beneath the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. It is thought that the thieves concealed themselves after the last service on Christmas Eve. The stone was torn from the box-like space beneath the Chair—a splinter was taken from one of the legs—and hauled to the Poets' Corner. There a padlocked door was forced open and the stone appears to have then been dragged to where a car presumably waited. Owing to the weight of the stone—over 4 cwt.—it seems clear that at least two persons, possibly more, were responsible. At the time of writing one of the most extensive searches of modern times is being carried on throughout Great Britain in the hope of recovering what the Dean of Westminster has described as "the most precious relic that we have." Scottish Nationalists, who, in the past, have threatened to "retrieve" the stone, are among the suspects.



BEREFT OF THE HISTORIC STONE WHICH IT WAS BUILT TO ENCASE: THE CORONATION CHAIR IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



FORCED OPEN BY THE THIEVES: THE DOOR AT POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SHOWING THE CHIPPED WOOD NEAR THE LOCK.



WHERE THE STONE WAS PROBABLY DRAGGED TO A WAITING CAR: THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOOR AT POETS' CORNER, AND THE GATES TO OLD PALACE YARD OUTSIDE.

STOLEN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING: THE CORONATION STONE; AND DAMAGE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



CARRIED ON THE *SEDIA GESTATORIA* INTO THE BASILICA: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, WHO, AFTER WALKING THROUGH THE HOLY DOOR, WAS TAKEN FIRST TO THE ALTAR OF THE CONFESSION, AND THEN TO THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT, WHERE HE REMAINED AWHILE IN PRAYER.



IMPARTING THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION FROM THE WHITE THRONE ERRECTED IN THE PORTICO OF THE BASILICA: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE AFTER THE CLOSING OF THE HOLY DOOR, WHICH CAN BE SEEN WITH A CROSS EMBLAZONED ON THE FRONT (RIGHT).

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY WHICH MARKED THE END OF HOLY YEAR: THE SEALING

The Holy Year of 1950 ended in Rome on Christmas Eve with the closing of the Holy Door in St. Peter's. Accompanied by his brilliantly-robed court, the Pope was borne on the *sedes gestatoria* into the flood-lit portico of the basilica. Here he alighted and walked slowly through the Holy Door, the last to enter the building through it. His Holiness was then carried in the *sedes* to the

altar of the Confession, and then to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament. Leaving the basilica on foot through the Holy Door, the last to pass through it, the Pope ascended a white throne erected in the portico. Here were assembled members of the Diplomatic Corps, heads of foreign missions and distinguished guests. After blessing the bricks and mortar, his Holiness knelt



BLESSING THE BRICKS AND MORTAR BEFORE SEALING THE HOLY DOOR ON CHRISTMAS EVE: THE POPE (LEFT CENTRE, WEARING SKULL-CAP); ON THE TABLE (RIGHT) ARE GILDED, SILVER AND PLAIN BRICKS, A TRAY OF MORTAR, AND TROWELS.



LAYING THE FIRST INSCRIBED BRICK TO SEAL THE HOLY DOOR AT ST. PETER'S TO MARK THE END OF THE HOLY YEAR: THE POPE (LEFT—IN MITRE) WHO, KNEELING, USED A SPECIAL SILVER TROWEL TO SPREAD THE MORTAR.

OF THE HOLY DOOR IN ST. PETER'S, ROME, BY THE POPE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

before the Holy Door and placed three gilded bricks at the centre. Then the Major Cardinal Confessor and the four head Confessors of St. Peter's laid other bricks. Until the Vatican workmen had completed the bricking-up of the door, a temporary structure of canvas was placed in position to symbolise its final sealing. After the Apostolic Benediction the Pope blessed the huge

crowd who, unable to find room in St. Peter's, had been waiting in the piazza outside. Similar ceremonies, performed by the Cardinal Legates, took place simultaneously in the basilicas of St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and St. Paul's Outside the Walls. More than three million pilgrims reached Rome during the Holy Year which has now ended.



THE last time I saw Reginald Farrer was shortly before he set out upon his last, fatal, plant-collecting expedition to the Far East. It was at his Yorkshire home, Ingleborough. Farrer was in great form, and showed me everything: the famous cliff garden, the rock gardens, and—in a way most interesting of all—his Craven Nursery, where there were frames and frames full of pans of seedlings, and pots full of young plants, harvest from his first Eastern "On the Eaves of the World" expedition. As we passed his "great moraine" in the rock garden, I noticed a hearty young groundsel growing in the shingle and, with mock humility, asked if I might pull it out. "Certainly," he said, "pull it up by all means—and take it home to your own barren territories." Then he took me to the nursery, and gave me three small pot specimens of his loot from the eaves of the world. Two of them were geraniums. The third was the lemon-scented edelweiss. I still grow all three of those gifts from Farrer—or, rather, their descendants—and each, in its way, is a first-class rock-garden plant. The edelweiss has the curious attribute of being fragrant. The leaves, when handled, smell strongly of lemon. It is not a showy plant, and is less silvery-white than the well-known European edelweiss, *Leontopodium alpinum*, but it is more slender in habit, and far more elegant than any of the other species. I have one solitary specimen flourishing among rocks in a soil which consists almost purely of mellow coal-ash. Not that ashes are essential to its happiness: any light, well-drained soil in a sunny position will content it.

The two geraniums which Farrer gave me were *G. farreri* and *G. pylzowianum*.



"THE LANCASTRIAN VARIETY OF THE BLOODY CRANESBILL, *GERANIUM SANGUINEUM LANCASTRIENSE*"—A RARE AND EXTREMELY LOCAL NATIVE WHICH "I WOULD PLACE . . . VERY HIGH INDEED AMONG THE VERY BEST OF ALL-ROUND ROCK-GARDEN PLANTS."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

this excellent plant was—for a time—said to be *G. napuligerum*, and *napuligerum* we all dutifully called it, until it was at last decided that it was a distinct species and so could revert to its more appropriate name—*farreri*. The other species which Farrer gave me, *Geranium pylzowianum*, is a very different plant, a gay, light-hearted little gad-about, which spreads around by throwing out slender stems which form tiny tubers in all directions. These send up a canopy of green leaves, carried on slender, 3- to 4-in. stems, and just above the leaves come the gay, bright-pink blossoms carried in ones and twos on equally slender stems. In spite of *pylzowianum*'s rambling habit, I have never found it a nuisance in

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MORE GERANIUMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

the rock garden. I have never given it the chance. It's a good mixer with plants of its own size and strength, but might soon smother minute tufted Androsaces and the like. It's just a question of discreet placing and careful handicapping, as with all planting, whether with alpine or trees and shrubs. *Geranium pylzowianum* is a first-rate plant for spreading through the crevices of paved paths, and if it should stray to where it is not wanted it is easy to fork out, for it is not a deep rooter.

Geranium argenteum is another species which I always associate with Reginald Farrer, for together

from a central root-stock, a radiating system of prostrate stems a yard or so across. The flowers, carried on stems only 2 or 3 ins. high, are like those of the blue Meadow Cranesbill,

but if anything a trifle larger, and of an even more beautiful blue, a shade lighter, more luminous, or rather nearer true blue. It is just as easy to grow as any of the others of this easy-going family, but it must, of course, be given plenty of room in which to trail. It is said to prefer a cool aspect, but I saw it in full sun on a raised rock-garden slope this summer, and no geranium could have looked more at home or more beautiful. This specimen, like all that I have ever seen, or grown myself, was labelled *G. wallichianum* Buxton's Variety. Presumably there is an original type form of *G. wallichianum*—which I do not remember having ever seen—but Buxton's Variety originated from the garden of the late Mr. Charles E. Buxton, and being a bluer and more beautiful thing than the original type, it has been propagated and grown to the exclusion of its inferior ancestor.

In writing of the taller cranesbills, I forgot to mention *Geranium macrorrhizum*, which, though in no way showy, is worth growing for the sake of its deliciously aromatic fragrance. The plant grows about 18 ins. high, and has pink flowers of no outstanding brilliance or beauty. But the leaves, when handled, smell of a dozen aromatic things—all of them pleasant.

I have left the best of the dwarfer, rock-garden cranesbills to the last—the Lancastrian variety of the Bloody Cranesbill, *Geranium sanguineum lancastriense*. A rare local form in nature, it is now grown in every nursery and in every rock-garden worthy of the name. The plant spreads slowly, but resolutely, into a prostrate mat, with flowers carried upon 3-in. stems. They are large, and round, and saucer-shaped, and of a clear, pure rose-pink, exquisitely veined with a much deeper



"WITH GREY-GREEN, RATHER VELVETY LEAVES, AND BIG, PALE-PINK FLOWERS WITH BLACK ANTHERS": *GERANIUM FARRERI*, ONE OF THE THREE PLANTS REGINALD FARRER GAVE CLARENCE ELLIOTT BEFORE SETTING OFF ON HIS LAST PLANT-HUNTING EXPEDITION.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

we found it growing in vast quantity in short Alpine turf on the great hog's-back near the summit of Monte Baldo, in North Italy. It has the same rather stocky, tufted habit as *G. farreri*, but the leaves are far more silvery, and the pale-pink flowers are more roundly cup-shaped.

Geranium cinereum is very near *G. argenteum* in size, habit and general way of life, but its leaves are of grey-green velvet rather than the silver satin of *argenteum*. The flowers are pale rose-pink, and there is a rare, white-flowered variety.

Geranium subcaulescens is a comparatively recent introduction—and a very attractive one. It grows to about 6 or 9 ins. high, in a loose, more or less straggling way, and for many summer weeks on end keeps up a grand display of brilliant, ruby-carmine flowers. There are two varieties in cultivation, the better of which has very dark-centred flowers. A third form which I have seen has flowers of a warmer, more brilliant tone of carmine.

Geranium wallichianum is, in effect, a widely trailing version of our native Meadow Cranesbill, *G. pratense*. Instead of standing erect, it sends out,



A COMPARATIVELY RECENTLY INTRODUCED CRANESBILL, *GERANIUM SUBCAULESCENS*, WHICH "FOR MANY SUMMER WEEKS ON END KEEPS UP A GRAND DISPLAY OF BRILLIANT, RUBY-CARMINÉ FLOWERS." THE FORM SHOWN IS THAT WITH DARK-CENTRED FLOWERS.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

pink. I would place the Lancastrian Cranesbill very high indeed among the very best of all-round rock-garden plants. With charm and outstanding beauty, it is easy to come by and easy to grow. What more could one fairly demand of any rock-garden plant?



THE DEATH OF GENERAL WALTON WALKER, AND THE NEW U.N. COMMANDER IN KOREA.



LIEUT.-GENERAL W. H. WALKER, THE COMMANDER OF THE EIGHTH ARMY IN KOREA, WHO WAS KILLED IN A CAR ACCIDENT ON DECEMBER 23, RECEIVING FROM DR. RHEE (RIGHT) A KOREAN DECORATION.



COMRADES IN ARMS, AND BOTH KILLED IN CAR ACCIDENTS: GENERAL WALTON WALKER (RIGHT) WITH HIS OLD COMMANDER, GENERAL PATTON.

ON December 23 Lieut.-General Walton Walker, the U.S. Commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, was driving in a jeep between Seoul and the 38th Parallel to present a citation to the Commonwealth 27th Brigade and to decorate his son, a captain in the U.S. 24th Division. His vehicle, which was weighted underneath with steel as a protection against mines, was travelling slowly along the wet road when a three-ton truck pulled suddenly out of an approaching South Korean convoy. The two vehicles met head-on. General Walker died on his way to a field hospital. General Walker, who was born in 1889, had a distinguished military career, serving under General Patton, who, it will be recalled, also died as a result of a car accident. General Walker's

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.)
THE WRECKAGE OF THE JEEP IN WHICH GENERAL WALKER MET HIS DEATH BY ACCIDENT: AT THE EXTREME RIGHT CAN BE SEEN THE TRUCK WHICH COLLIDED WITH IT.



LIEUT.-GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY, WHO FLEW OUT TO KOREA TO TAKE OVER THE UNIFIED COMMAND OF THE UNITED NATIONS TROOPS AFTER GENERAL WALKER'S DEATH. HE IS THE FORMER COMMANDER OF THE FAMED U.S. 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION.



THE TRUCK WHICH PULLED OUT OF A SOUTH KOREAN CONVOY AND CAUSED THE DEATH OF GENERAL WALKER BY COLLISION. (Retouched wired photograph.)

[Continued.]
place has been taken by Lieut.-General Matthew B. Ridgway, who flew to Korea to take over the command, which has now been unified following the successful evacuation of X Corps from the Hungnam beach-head. In the last war General Ridgway commanded the famous 82nd Airborne Division and was described by Field Marshal Montgomery as one of the two best Corps commanders he ever knew.

AN AMERICAN TROUT ANGLER ; AND FISHING LORE THROUGH THE AGES.

"TROUT," By Ray Bergman; and "FISHING IN MANY WATERS," By the late James Hornell.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

FISHERMEN, apart from the professionals, are numerous, and they are of many types. Some, because of temperament, early circumstance or geographical environment, are entirely devoted to one form of it, and some to another. Some are more interested in technique, some (being human) in results; some care only for leisurely hours in "haunts of ancient peace," some are interested in "records," as some shooters in "bags"; some find their chief joy with a dry-fly on a peaceful stream, some in casting for salmon in rapid rivers, some in whiffing for mackerel across a sunlit Cornish bay, in a small sailing-boat propelled by a brisk breeze, some in setting forth from Whitby after the giant tunnies, with gigantic harness and tackle. And in this country at least, hundreds of thousands of them are quite content to sally forth once a week to slow river or canal, spend a day watching a float, and either catch nothing or entice a few roach or perch which they return to store and wouldn't keep unless they happen to be big enough to be stuffed and put into a glass case.

This universal occupation, engaged in here as an industry and there as a pastime, has produced a vast and varied literature. For myself, who have taken no part (except an esurient one) in the industry, and have been but an occasional dabbler in the art, I can read any book about fishing: *homo sum* and I consider nothing piscine alien to myself. But I am forced to add that I prefer those books by anglers, from Walton to Grey of Fallodon and beyond, which not merely embody wisdom about the art, but convey in quiet, melodious prose the reflections of contemplative minds who find as much happiness in solitary willows and waters and changing skies—their refuge, like Horace's, from "*jumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*"—as they do in catching a monster or missing an even greater monster which gets away. For many generations the prose of English anglers has rippled like their streams.

Neither of the books here reviewed is notable for its prose: and I doubt if Andrew Lang or Sheringham would have chosen either of the authors as congenial companions on a chalk-stream. I doubt, for that matter, whether the authors themselves would have found themselves in harmony on a joint excursion. But each of them has, as the saying goes, "made a contribution to the literature of the subject." The volume by Mr. Ray Bergman—an American introduced very gracefully by Mr. Lewis Douglas, late Ambassador here—is the first of a series called "Hutchinson's Library of Sports and Pastimes." It is reasonable to suppose that the notion of the Series was linked with Mr. Walter Hutchinson's great project of a Gallery of Sports and Pastimes at Derby House. Mr. Hutchinson, a man who drove himself too hard, was present at the opening of his Gallery; it is sad that he has not lived to see the publication of the first volume of his Series. But I confess that I cannot understand why, in such a Library, the

rivers that differ from the chalk-streams." The remoteness of the book from British angling is frequently indicated in illustrations and text. There are beautifully coloured pages of flies confronted with which I feel that the ordinary English yokel trout would feel as shy as a middle-class housewife dumped into a hat-shop in the Rue de la Paix and told to choose whatever she wanted: "These things are too grand for the likes of me," she would reflect; and shyly refuse to bite. And, in the text we are confronted with passages like this: "In Michigan, bucktails and streamers are of the utmost value. One of their most important

vests whizzing record bazoomas out of the rapids of the Rio Grandissimo. The catches were certainly made, though the waits in between may have been cut; and all the time a compellingly zestful voice rammed the excitement of it all into an unresponsive audience, who were merely waiting for trains, with phrases like: "Aw, boy, that's some fish, that fish is a regular guy.... Look, look, look, that can't be a bigger one.... Why, yes, sure it is... and, Gosh, I guess he's got it, no I can't believe it, yes, by Gosh, he HAS!" That commentary might have been made by Mr. Bergman in his romantic mood; the other side of him comes out in severely technical chapters which will probably be useful to fishermen the world over. But I hope that if the next book in the Series is about cricket we shan't find that it is really all about baseball.

The other book covers a world-wide field, and has no special interest to the catchers of trout or the tyers of flies. Mr. Hornell (he died, alas, too soon to see his book published) "wrote [says the publisher] to please many kinds of reader. His book will also provide a useful reference work for those concerned with the fisheries of the Colonial Empire, and anthropologists will find in it a valuable contribution to the study of material culture." We are far from Isaak Walton, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Bergman when we are faced with a frontispiece of "A Fijian fisher-girl with her prawn-net." Farther still when we are taken into remote antiquity to look at pictures of Egyptian noblemen spearing fish with bidents, and into remote places to observe "An Andaman islander shooting a fish with bow and arrow." This author was a scholar. He wasn't a literary man and he wasn't an angler. He didn't want to catch fish; he wanted to catch facts; and, so long as he collected enough facts and made sure that they were facts, he bothered very little about "that other harmony of prose." Here the facts are: the author spent years on Fishing Missions on behalf of the Colonial Office. He finds, in far places (some even in India) methods of fishing, not for sport, but for subsistence, which were used by Stone Age men. "The essential appliance in fishing," he remarks on one page, "is an enormous bag-net." Such a bag-net this patient, travelling, photographing anthropologist used for his collection of facts. The result is a congestion (it will be invaluable in a reference library) of information about boats, rafts, traps, dams, nets, lines, hooks and baits such as I should think has never before been assembled. Do you wish to know how the Japanese go after bonitos? You will find it here. Do you wish to know how men live where the remote Laccadives ride? You will find it here. Do you wish—and many a man has been puzzled about that comestible—to know something about the Bombay Duck? It is all here, in a chapter which begins: "The Bombay Duck does not sport feathers, as everyone is aware who knows anything about a real curry as opposed to the



ILLUSTRATING THE REMARKABLE POWER OF ADHESION OF THESE FISH: AN EXPERIMENT WITH A REMORA, OR SUCKER-FISH, AT A PEARL FISHERY IN CEYLON.

"Strangest of all methods of fishing with the aid of animals is the employment of the sucker-fish, or remora (*Echeneis spp.*), when the hunt is on for turtle," wrote the late James Hornell in "Fishing in Many Waters." By the help of a curious oblong sucker on the top of the head, these fish can affix themselves to the bottom of ships or to the bodies of whales, sharks, turtle, etc., and be carried along effortlessly. Their power of adhesion is here illustrated.



SHOWING THE USE OF THE TANGLED SPIDER'S-WEB LURE IN KITE-FISHING: A SOLOMON ISLANDER FREEING A GARFISH'S BEAK FROM THE MASS OF FINE THREADS.

Kite-fishing is one of the strange forms of fishing described by the late James Hornell in "Fishing in Many Waters." A small kite is used to fly a fishing-line with its bait or lure so that this will dance on the surface of the sea. In the Solomons and adjacent groups a tassel of tangled spider's-web is tied to the free end of the fishing-line. The garfish takes it, and its many sharp teeth become entangled in the mass of fine threads. [Photograph by Courtesy of Miss B. Blackwood and the Clarendon Press.]

uses is for night fishing. Tom Harris, a well-known angler who fishes considerably on the Au Sable near Roscommon, would never take the number of large fish that he does if it wasn't for this type of fly. His favourite, as I recall it, is made with badger streamer feathers, those with a honey cast and with a good dark centre. At least, this is the impression I have retained since I fished with Tom the last time in a pool a short distance below Charlie Merrill's camp.

"Charlie and I were old friends and we both preferred dry fly fishing to anything else, so that Tom's insistence and coaxing that we do some night fishing with large streamers never had an effect when we were together. But Charlie became seriously ill. We had planned to be with him at his camp but, instead, my wife and I visited him at the Ford Hospital in Detroit. This visit took away all our desire to fish in Michigan that year. As cheerful as Charlie was, in our hearts we knew that probably we would never see him again."

Or again: "It takes hot dry weather and parched soil to make you really appreciate the rain. But as far as I am concerned, this isn't the only reason I like storms. My blood responds hotly to Nature when she goes into a temper and for the time I live in the past, in those days when King Arthur, Richard the Lion-hearted and other warriors of history and fable did battle hand to hand—in the way, no doubt, that Nature originally intended. Yes, I can

live a lifetime in several hours of raging storm. Have you ever walked in the dense forest when the snow shrouded everything except those objects in your immediate vicinity, when there was no trail to follow, when you knew that only by your woodsmanship and compass could you ever expect to reach camp? If you haven't, you have missed one of the greatest thrills that life has to offer to a lover of the outdoors."

Or again: "Easterners who love Nature should not go through life without seeing this country. Take one vacation to the West, even though you never take any more. Our country has plenty to see and it's not so difficult to see if you only make up your mind to do so." What is this voice? It is the "plugging" voice of the nature-film commentator. A little while ago I had to wait an hour at a railway-station. I went into the News-Cinema (one of those places where they never seem to show any "news") and saw a coloured film of men in shorts and sleeveless



USED TO TRAP FISH ON THE DARLING RIVER, AUSTRALIA: WALLED ENCLOSURES. "The method of trapping fish by means of low walls of boulders set out in horse-shoe form between tide-marks is undoubtedly one of the most primitive methods of fishing," wrote James Hornell in "Fishing in Many Waters," "maybe the very earliest of the efforts of early man to devise a mechanical arrangement for effecting the automatic capture of fishes." [Photograph by Tosi and Rohn, Sydney, Australia.]

volume on the Trout should be written by an American, with his eyes on American fish, rivers and flies. Mr. Douglas, introducing Mr. Bergman, says that his book "reflects his vast experience on many waters in North America and is the product of his many engagements with many trout. It will be read with interest by all who find fly-fishing a haven—an escape from the troubles of the day—a sanctuary that washes the mind clean as new linen"; but has to add that it "naturally mirrors the differences in insect life between North American waters and the waters of this island and its contents are drawn from experiences on

* "Trout." By Ray Bergman. Foreword by Lewis Douglas. Photographs of Fly-tying by Charles S. Krug. Fly Plates in full Colour painted by Dr. Edgar Burke. (Hutchinson's Library of Sports and Pastimes; 63s.)

"Fishing in Many Waters." By James Hornell. Thirty-six Plates; 44 Illustrations in the text. (Cambridge University Press; 30s.)



ESTEEMED A GREAT DELICACY IN FIJI, THE PHILIPPINES AND JAPAN: A NUMBER OF THE BRACHIOPOD *Lingula* DUG OUT OF SAND, FIJI.

"The long-stalked brachiopod *Lingula* is eaten both in Fiji, Japan and the Philippine Islands, where it occurs in abundance in muddy bottoms. This curious animal, though not a mollusc, exactly simulates in its shelled body the outward form of a bivalve shellfish; it has an unbroken pedigree from ancestors of precisely the same form that lived in all but the oldest of our fossiliferous rocks untold millions of years ago."

Illustrations reproduced from "Fishing in Many Waters," by Courtesy of the Publishers the Cambridge University Press.

miserable counterfeit concoction of the untravelled European chef; it has a body encased in a sheath of delicate scales and is, indeed, a fish, though to look at it when it appears on the table to give relish to our curry, it has much the appearance of a fragment ripped off the dried flesh of an Egyptian mummy."

These are both good books, in their different ways, and I hope I have sufficiently indicated the nature of each to make it clear to readers which, if either, will suit them. I don't want to sell anybody a pup. It happens to be the only thing I have to sell. He is lying by me now. And I'm hanged if I'd sell him to anybody!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 25 of this issue.



THE "CRYSTAL FESTIVAL" AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL ON DECEMBER 29; SHOWING THE PARADE OF ART STUDENTS' FLOATS.



GREETING THE NEW YEAR IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS AS RAIN FELL: LONDONERS PACKED ROUND THE STATUE OF EROS, WHICH WAS BOARDED UP AND GUARDED BY POLICE.

HERALDING THE NEW YEAR: THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL; AND THE PICCADILLY CIRCUS REVELLERS.

The annual Chelsea Arts Ball at the Royal Albert Hall was held on December 29 this year, as New Year's Eve fell on a Sunday, and this may have accounted for a certain lack of the high spirits usually associated with the event. The theme of the ball was "Crystal Festival," and the décor was designed by Mr. A. R. Thomson, R.A. Dancing went on from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m., with intervals for the parade of decorated floats and performances by the Dagenham Girl Pipers. On

New Year's Eve Londoners packed Piccadilly Circus to greet the new year, and crowded round the statue of Eros, which was protected by a barrier of boards and ringed by police. Just before midnight a cold drizzle began to fall but the crowd waited, singing songs, blowing whistles and sounding bells and rattles. At midnight someone sent up a rocket from the crowd and groups joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne" before dispersing.

THE END OF HUNGNAM— DEMOLITIONS AND DESTRUCTIONS



REMINISCENT OF THE ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS, BUT ACTUALLY THE BURST OF A MORTAR SHELL FALLING IN ENEMY GROUND OUTSIDE THE HUNGNAM BEACH-HEAD.



A BLACK MUSHROOM-LIKE CLOUD GOES UP IN ONE OF THE LAST HARBOUR DEMOLITIONS AT HUNGNAM, AS THE LAST L.S.T. (SEE FOREGROUND) LEAVES THE PORT.



ONE OF THE MANY CHIMNEY-STACKS OF THE HUNGNAM PORT AREA DISINTEGRATES IN A COLUMN OF SMOKE, AS U.S. ENGINEERS METHODICALLY DESTROY THE PORT.



A BRIDGE GOES UP WITH THE DEMOLITION CHARGES OF U.N. ENGINEERS. THIS BRIDGE CROSSED THE RIVER AT HAMHUNG AND WAS DESTROYED ON DECEMBER 16.



THE LAST OF HUNGNAM: A HUGE DEMOLITION CHARGE GOES OFF, DESTROYING DOCK INSTALLATIONS, AS THE LAST L.S.T.'S SPEED OUT TO THEIR PARENT SHIPS.



BLOWING UP THE BRIDGE WHICH CONNECTED THE YONPO AIRSTRIP WITH THE HUNGNAM BEACH-HEAD. THIS AIRSTRIP WAS ABANDONED ON DECEMBER 17.

When the last U.N. troops (men of the U.S. 3rd Infantry Division) left Hungnam on Christmas Eve, they left behind them a scene of appalling destruction, for not only had all stores and installations, which could conceivably be of use to the enemy, been completely demolished, but during the eleven days of withdrawal, a terrific concentration of fire had been put down all round the perimeter. When only the rearguards of the 3rd and 7th Divisions were fighting, ground artillery, aircraft and the



A SOUTH KOREAN MINESWEEPER BLOWS UP IN THE HARBOUR OF WONSAN, NORTH KOREA, AFTER STRIKING A RUSSIAN-TYPE CONTACT MINE.

guns and aircraft of the U.S. Seventh Fleet put out a stupendous barrage of shells, rockets, bombs and jellied petroleum. The bombardment was said to be heavier than that at Iwo Jima; and in one 24-hour period the combined forces claimed 2600 enemy casualties. Towards the end of the withdrawal, the Chinese saved their own troops and sent in North Koreans, but in the last stages the enemy confined themselves to probing patrols.



THE LAST OF HUNGNAM: COLUMNS OF SMOKE GO UP AS MILITARY STORES AND INSTALLATIONS ARE DESTROYED AND U.S.S. *BEGOR* (A FAST TRANSPORT) PATROLS THE HARBOUR.



TO A BACKGROUND OF DESOLATION AND DESTRUCTION, L.S.T.s LEAVE THE QUAYS OF HUNGNAM IN THE LAST STAGES OF THE SUCCESSFUL EVACUATION.

THE END OF A MAGNIFICENT WITHDRAWAL: THE LAST SHIPS LEAVING HUNGNAM AFTER A COMPLETELY SUCCESSFUL EVACUATION.

The withdrawal of over 200,000 persons from the Hungnam beach-head was carried out in eleven days with such success and with such planned deliberation that all the men and immense quantities of supplies and vehicles were successfully withdrawn. In addition, whatever was left behind that could conceivably be of use to

the enemy, whether in the way of heavy or part-damaged stores or permanent installations, such as bridges, buildings, quays and railway equipment, was ruthlessly demolished by the U.S. engineers in a methodical contraction of the perimeter. Further pictures of the demolitions appear on another page.

SCENES OF THE HUNGNAM WITHDRAWAL, AND COMMONWEALTH OFFICERS IN KOREA.



(ABOVE.) TYPICAL OF THE METHODICAL DESTRUCTION WHICH THE U.N. FORCES LEFT BEHIND IN THEIR HUNGNAM WITHDRAWAL: A BRIDGE DEMOLISHED WITH THREE TONS OF DYNAMITE.

ON December 25 General MacArthur announced that the movement of X Corps from the Hungnam beach-head "to a juncture with the Eighth Army" had been successfully completed with but light casualties and no loss of *matériel* and added: "This operation has been conducted with great skill and co-ordination by the Army." Reporting in detail on the withdrawal from Hungnam, Major-General Almond said that the outloading of X Corps, begun on December 12 and completed eleven days later, involved the evacuation of 105,000 troops, including South Korean units, some 100,000 refugees, 17,500 vehicles, and 350,000 tons of equipment and supplies. An American officer has called the operation "Anzio in reverse," meaning that the U.S. troops, although withdrawing, had suffered less punishment than they had inflicted on the enemy.

(RIGHT.) AS A CAVE-FULL OF INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL BURNS TO DESTRUCTION, U.N. TROOPS GO OUT ON PATROL IN THE LAST STAGES OF THE HUNGNAM EVACUATION.



DESTROYED WITH FIERCELY BURNING "NAPALM": A FREIGHT TRAIN AT HUNGNAM DEMOLISHED BY SOUTH KOREAN TROOPS UNDER U.S. SUPERVISION.



ALTHOUGH MANY STORES WERE DESTROYED AT HUNGNAM, MUCH WAS SAVED; AND THIS FUEL WAS LOADED FOR TRANSPORTATION TO PUSAN.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HORACE ROBERTSON (SECOND FROM LEFT), THE AUSTRALIAN OFFICER I/C ADMINISTRATION OF BRITISH TROOPS IN KOREA, TALKING WITH BRITISH OFFICERS. (LEFT) LIEUT.-COLONEL MAN, C.O. 1ST BN. THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.



THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF THE HUNGNAM EVACUATION: THE LAST TROOPS TO LEAVE THE BEACH-HEAD (MEN OF THE U.S. 3RD DIVISION) EMBARKED ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



EVACUATING CIVILIAN REFUGEES FROM THE HUNGNAM BEACH-HEAD: SOME OF THE KOREAN CIVILIANS (OUT OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND EVACUATED IN ALL) PACKED INTO AN L.S.T.

THE LAST OF HUNGNAM: U.S. TROOPS AND SOUTH KOREAN REFUGEES LEAVING THE SHATTERED PORT.

In Major-General Almond's report of the evacuation of Hungnam the quantities of men and material withdrawn successfully were given as 105,000 troops, including South Koreans, about 100,000 refugees, 17,500 vehicles and 350,000 tons of equipment and supplies (1500 of which were taken out by air). The U.S. Navy's

account gave the number of persons evacuated as 215,000. The last stages were conducted without a single casualty, without any ground contact with the enemy and only sporadic mortar fire from the enemy's lines. The evacuation was finally concluded on Christmas Eve.

THE Communist Party in this country is expressing strong dislike of the intervention of the United States in the affairs of Europe and particularly in those of the United Kingdom. The United States is, we are told, dragging Britain to the verge of war and will presently drag her over the edge; American agents of the F.B.I. are ordering our police about and directing their purges of Communists; work is being put into the construction of buildings for American airmen stationed over here which prevents British families from being housed; we are still only in the early stages of an "American occupation," which will so strengthen its hold that our Ministers will take their orders direct from American envoys and our working classes will be dragooned on the instructions of Wall Street. Considering that all Western Europe would find itself at the mercy of Soviet Russia but for American intervention, it is not to be wondered at that Soviet Russia's adherents should use every means in their power to discredit the United States and blacken that country in the eyes of Britons. Anyhow, Communist propaganda is in this instance reasonably frank. One can accept or despise it as one feels inclined, but people of the most moderate intelligence are not likely to be deceived by it.

Left wing "fellow travellers"—who would indignantly deny the title, but represent the very form of opinion for which it was originally designed—are much more dangerous.

Theirs is the hidden barb. Having at their disposal some publicists of no small skill, they are able to plant little stings of ridicule, doubt, depreciation and misrepresentation without being recognised for what they are or suspected of what they are in fact doing, except by the more intelligent observers. General MacArthur has of late provided them with a heaven-sent target, and through him they have been enabled to get home many neat little attacks while outwardly remaining faithful to the cause of Anglo-American friendship. These prickings appear mild by comparison with the Communist onslaughts, but they are likely to have an effect on many minds which remain deaf to the latter. In the year now opening it is probable that they will prove even more effective, since, despite the termination of Marshall Aid to Britain, American influence is likely to increase in this country.

Realities furnish an ironical commentary upon these allegations. In truth there exists a greater danger of the United States retiring once more into her shell than that of her "bossing" the Western European continent and involving it in needless war, though even the former danger is not immediate. I recall an argument in which I took part just after the end of the Second World War. My opponent, a very able and distinguished senior journalist, took the line that there would be a rebirth of isolationism in the United States and that the Americans would once more decide that Europe was hopeless and that they must return to the policy of looking after their own affairs. This tendency on their part, he said, could not be eradicated, and he had small hopes that present-day Europe would succeed any better than the Europe of a generation ago. I asserted that the situation had changed so completely that the United States could not afford to sever her new bonds with Europe. In 1919 there were two very powerful victor States in the West, Britain and France, with a useful possible additional balance in Italy, which afforded promise of being able to hold in check any outlaw inclined to disturb the peace. Germany herself was a more or less democratic republic, though admittedly containing doubtful elements.

Now, I said, Germany was prostrate. Britain and France combined could not hold the might of Soviet Russia. The United States dared not resign herself to the prospect of the overrunning of Western Europe. It seemed for some time that I was right without question. It has frequently been asserted, by Mr. Churchill among others, that the only thing which has saved Western Europe from attack recently has been the presence of American bombers on British airfields and the likelihood that they would drop atomic bombs on Russian territory in the event of Russian aggression. The North Atlantic Treaty, sponsored by the United States, furnished further proof of American commitment to the defence. Yet even then certain doubtful signs appeared. These were to be found not so much in isolationist murmurings in the United States as in the suggestion that American participation in European defence would be limited to the employment of air and naval forces—a hopeless and damning policy if it were intended

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE DEFENCE OF EUROPE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

that Europe herself should be prepared to do her utmost. That obstacle was safely surmounted. And then, just as all arrangements were being tied up and General Eisenhower had been appointed Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, a voice of high respectability and significance threw the gravest doubts upon American policy.

Mr. Hoover's words cannot be dismissed as easily as those of some of the irresponsible isolationists. He is a former President of the Republic, and is gratefully remembered for his work of mercy during the First World War. He said that this was Europe's last chance; if she were to prove as little prepared to defend herself and as spiritless as she had been in the recent past, the United States would have to confine herself to a system of Atlantic defence, abandon the Continent, continue to lend a hand to Britain if she proved worthy of such aid, cease throwing away American money, and accept the risk of Russia occupying the whole Atlantic seaboard. His broadcast address was



"... THE PRIME OBLIGATION OF DEFENCE OF WESTERN CONTINENTAL EUROPE RESTS UPON THE NATIONS OF EUROPE. THE TEST IS WHETHER THEY HAVE THE SPIRITUAL FORCE, THE WILL AND ACCEPTANCE OF UNITY AMONG THEM BY THEIR OWN VOLITION. AMERICA CANNOT CREATE THEIR SPIRITUAL FORCE; WE CANNOT BUY THEM WITH MONEY": MR. HERBERT HOOVER, A FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO ADDRESSED AMERICANS IN A BROADCAST ON DECEMBER 20.

In the article on this page Captain Falls refers to the broadcast address by Mr. Herbert Hoover to the United States on December 20 in which he declared that the efforts and sacrifices of the United States to achieve the unity of Western Europe having so far failed, America's defence line must be the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, not the continents of Europe or Asia. Mr. Hoover was President of the United States, 1929-1933.

the more ominous because it could be gathered that he entertained no serious hope of the reform in Europe which he declared to be necessary ever taking place. This was isolationism pure and simple, though, true to his record, Mr. Hoover added that the United States ought to continue to succour the hungry and the miserable in Europe. This address, delivered less than a week before Christmas, did not play a large part in British newspapers, which our Government prevents, by restriction of paper, from reporting any foreign news seriously, but it was carefully noted in all quarters where thought is given to these matters.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Acheson, considered it of so much importance that he used his next Press conference, on December 22, mainly for the purpose of refuting Mr. Hoover's theories, though without mention of his name. Mr. Acheson said that, like every other possible variant in policy, that of withdrawal from Europe was regularly considered by the National Security Council and as regularly dismissed with unanimity. Withdrawal would, he said,



"A UNITED STATES WHICH COULD BE AN INACTIVE SPECTATOR WHILE THE BARBARIANS OVERRAN AND DESECRATED THE CRADLE OF OUR CHRISTIAN CIVILISATION WOULD NOT BE THE KIND OF UNITED STATES WHICH COULD DEFEND ITSELF": MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, REPUBLICAN ADVISER TO THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT, WHO BROADCAST ON DECEMBER 29 AT A DINNER OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE UNITED NATIONS.

In a speech at a dinner on December 29, which was broadcast over the same network as that of Mr. Hoover on December 20, Mr. Dulles rejected the idea that America's defence line could be the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and said that "a defence that accepts encirclement quickly decomposes." He pointed out that American industrial superiority would be gone if Russia could take the Ruhr, Western Europe and the oil of the Middle East.

permit Soviet Russia to make a quick conquest of the whole Eurasian land-mass, develop from it economic resources greater than those of the Western Hemisphere, and at the same time secure a superior strategic position. Against this vast Continental Power the United States would be forced to fight without allies. This is sound logic, though even then Mr. Hoover might retort that if Europe is in fact hopeless, as he evidently thinks, then the United States will be merely sacrificing the resources in men and money which they put into it and would be better off standing behind the Atlantic, which is, after all, a formidable moat. It has also to be recalled that Mr. Acheson's position is none too secure and that the prospects of his party are none too rosy.

The inference is plain. The United States is bound to support the security of Western Europe, but there is one state of affairs in which the necessity would no longer be binding: if Europe showed herself so lackadaisical about her own defence as to make it a virtual certainty that the United States would lose all that was put into it without any real profit to herself. If Europe desires American aid then the Western nations must show that they themselves are whole-hearted in their desire to defend themselves. To do them justice, most, if not all, the Governments are doing their best in this respect. Yet determination is not enough. Loyalty, generosity and

broad minds are wanted too; Britain, for example, is determined, but she appears to her partners on the Continent to be selfish, self-centred, unco-operative, ungenerous and bent on putting narrow party interests above the safety of the world. The French Government may be sound, but what are American observers to make of the shoulder-shrugging, the cynicism, the hoarding of tinned food, the lessons in Russian in order to be ready for the occupation, the bland assumption that all effort to avoid it is time wasted, which are so prevalent in the country?

It comes down in the end to a simple situation. American aid, not only in arms, in the air, on the sea, but in land forces too—the surest, perhaps the only sure, pledge of close co-operation—can be had if they are wanted and if they are merited. While they are both wanted and merited it is extremely unlikely that isolationist sentiment will result in their withdrawal. If they are not wanted or if there is any serious risk of their being sacrificed and wasted, then even Mr. Acheson will not continue to support the policy of continuing them, and even President Truman would not be able to maintain such a policy. In a sense, therefore, the issue is one which we ourselves, Britain and France above all, can to a large extent decide. The picture of Western European nations compelled to accept American aid against their will, drawn boldly by the Communists and delicately sketched by the fellow-travellers, is manifestly an absurdity in view of the clamorous appeals which they have made for it. If, however, they were to decide that the risks had been grossly exaggerated and that the only danger of war was that the United States should involve them in war, then I think that they would soon fail to see American uniforms in their streets and that the United States would soon abandon any intention of defending Europe on European soil. I may be simplifying the subject slightly, but that is how I see it.

As to the United States involving us in war, there can be no honest doubt that that country is as anxious to avoid

war as we are, even though the risks she would face in war would be less serious than ours. That American diplomacy may occasionally be crude and impetuous by comparison with our own may be true; if so, it is all the more important that our countries should work in the closest co-operation and that the influence, which we still undoubtedly possess should be used in such a way that our greater experience and knowledge of European conditions and developments are accorded full weight. On the other hand, when we compare the sympathy and understanding which we have received of late from the United States with that which we on our part have bestowed upon France, then I think it is we—or Mr. Bevin on our behalf, since it is he who has exhibited us in so uncouth and churlish a light—who ought to blush. If history finds that our record in international relations during the past five years was as good as that of the United States, I shall not be there to hear the verdict, but it will be one which I do not expect.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK; AND THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.

MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F.
LORD TRENCHARD.

Awarded the Order of Merit. Former Chief of the Air Staff, he is known as "Father of the R.A.F." From 1931-35 he was Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force.

THE RT. HON.
SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN.

Awarded the Order of Merit. Until his retirement from the Foreign Office in December he was Britain's permanent representative on the Security Council of the United Nations. He is sixty-six.



SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

Appointed a Companion of Honour. Until recently Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is at present undergoing treatment in a Swiss clinic, where he is reported to be making good progress.



MR. R. G. MENZIES.

Appointed a Companion of Honour. Premier of Australia since 1949, and Leader of the Opposition, 1943-49. He is taking part in the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference.



MR. ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD.

Created a Baron for political and public services in Leicestershire. He was a Socialist candidate at Melton Mowbray in the 1945 and 1950 General Elections. He farms 1000 acres in Leicestershire.



MR. THOMAS MACPHERSON.

Created a Baron for political and public services. He was Socialist M.P. for Romford, 1945-50, and Regional Port Director for Scotland under the Ministry of War Transport, 1939-45.



MR. DESMOND MACCARTHY.

Designated a Knight Bachelor. Author and literary critic, he is President of the English P.E.N. Club and a weekly contributor to the *Sunday Times*. He is late editor of *Life and Letters*.



DR. WILLIAM WALTON.

Designated a Knight Bachelor. A well-known composer, he has also written music for films. In 1947 he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Worshipful Company of Musicians, and of the Royal Philharmonic Society.



LADY DENMAN.

Promoted from D.B.E. to Dame Grand Cross for her services to the Women's Land Army, of which she was chief. She is chairman of the Women's Land Army Benevolent Fund.



MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

Awarded the C.B.E. A well-known actress, she made her first stage appearance in Manchester in 1901, and commenced her film career in 1929. She is married to Mr. Jack Hulbert, the actor.



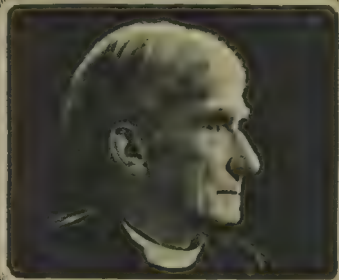
MISS NINETTE DE VALOIS.

Created a D.B.E. Miss de Valois (Mrs. A. B. Connell) has been director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet since 1931. She was awarded the C.B.E. in 1947. She was born in Ireland in 1898.



MR. R. W. HADDON.

Designated a Knight Bachelor. He is chairman of the Ministry of Agriculture's Publicity Advisory Committee and managing editor of the *Farmer and Stockbreeder*. He founded the Guild of Agricultural Journalists.



BISHOP A. A. DAVID.

Died on December 26, aged eighty-three. Bishop David was successively Headmaster of Clifton College (1905-9) and of Rugby (1909-21). He was appointed Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich in 1921 and from 1923-44 was Bishop of Liverpool.



MR. BERTRAM THOMAS.

Died on December 27, aged fifty-eight. A well-known Arabian explorer and Orientalist, his crossing of the Rub'al Khali, the desert "empty quarter" of Arabia, in 1931 was hailed as, perhaps, the most important work of exploration of this century.



A MAN WHOSE APPOINTMENT AS DIRECTOR OF DEFENCE MOBILISATION WAS UNANIMOUSLY CONFIRMED BY THE U.S. SENATE: MR. CHARLES E. WILSON. The United States Senate paid Mr. Charles E. Wilson a great compliment when it unanimously confirmed his appointment as Director of Defence Mobilisation. Mr. Wilson, who is sixty-four, was executive Vice-Chairman of the War Production Board during World War II. This authentic photograph of Mr. Wilson replaces the one which we unfortunately used in error in our issue dated December 30.



THE CHRISTENING OF VISCOUNT LASCELLES: THE PRINCESS ROYAL, THE COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD, WITH THE BABY, AND MRS. STEIN, AND (STANDING) THE EARL OF HAREWOOD AND MR. STEIN. Viscount Lascelles' infant son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood and grandson of the Princess Royal, was christened David Henry George by the Archbishop of York at All Saints' Church, Harewood, on December 27. The Princess Royal stood proxy for Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and Viscountess Boyle, and the other godparents included Mr. Erwin Stein, the child's grandfather, and Mr. Benjamin Britten, the composer.



DR. KARL RENNER, WHO DIED ON DEC. 31, A GREAT FIGURE IN AUSTRIAN POLITICS. President of the Austrian Federal Republic, Dr. Renner died on December 31, aged eighty. Elected to Parliament in 1907, he became leader of the Socialist Party, and was first Chancellor of the first Austrian Republic, heading the first three coalition Governments from November 1918 to June 1920. He was forced to resign in 1920, and imprisoned under the Dollfuss régime. He was appointed Chancellor and Foreign Minister of Austria in 1945. His Cabinet resigned after the November elections, but on December 20 he was elected unanimously by both Houses as first President of the resurrected Austria. His State funeral was arranged for January 6.



MR. STANTON GRIFFIS.

To be the first United States Ambassador to Spain since December 31, 1945. The United States have announced that full diplomatic relations are to be resumed, following the United Nations reversal of its five-year-old ban. Mr. Griffis, a sixty-three-year-old Bostonian, recently resigned after fourteen months as Ambassador to Argentina.



DR. ERICH KLEIBER.

Guest conductor at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, during December, January and February. He is conducting performances of "Rosenkavalier," "The Queen of Spades," "The Magic Flute," "Carmen" and "Rigoletto." He was Musical Director of the Berlin State Opera from 1923-35. Photographs of "The Queen of Spades" appear elsewhere.



THE wind is howling from the north-west beneath a leaden sky, and my weatherwise country neighbours say with one voice that there will be snow before morning. By four o'clock it is dark, and I poke the fire and brood upon tea and muffins. That dates one, because I think back to the days when the cheerful tinkle of the muffin-man's bell in a London square on a Sunday morning was a normal and familiar sound. Now, they tell me, neither muffins nor muffin-man are what they were—and anyway, what virtue is there in a muffin without lashings of butter? However, there is still tea and its amiable ritual, and here in Fig. 4 is a teapot which can be classified as noble. The English are, as is well known, sentimental about such things, and Americans who happen to read this, will, I trust, be tolerant. Foolish or no, a teapot, whether silver or china, became a major household deity about the time of Queen Anne and has not yet lost its position. How many women refer to grandmother's or great-grandmother's teapot with affection? In a generation or two, it becomes a symbol of family pride and continuity and is a great deal more than a mere receptacle in which a particular herb can be infused. This one is very small—only 5½ ins. in height—and was



FIG. 2. IMPRESSIVE BY REASON OF ITS SEVERE SIMPLICITY: A QUEEN ANNE DISH BY SETH LOFTHOUSE, 1714. "The dish now," writes Frank Davis, "a fine thing, 17 ins. in diameter, has as its only decoration (if one can call that a decoration) a narrow, moulded border."

By Courtesy of Christie's.

made in 1724. The octagonal shape is a peculiarly pleasant convention which was applied also to the taller coffee-pots. The lampstand beneath bears the date mark 1715. The connoisseur of tea will perhaps look with horror upon a lampstand beneath a teapot rather than beneath a hot-water kettle. I don't know the answer. Were our ancestors sufficiently knowledgeable to infuse the tea first and discard the tea-leaves, in which case the contents of the teapot could be kept hot without becoming stewed? Let's hope they were, and that their palates were as discerning as their eyes, for I think everyone will agree that this stand and teapot are beautifully proportioned and well-balanced. Indeed, it never ceases to be a matter for wonder that, as soon as the seventeenth century ended every silversmith and cabinet-maker seems to have said to himself: "Now, as little fuss as possible—plain, smooth surfaces and the minimum of decoration"; and that fashion did, in fact, last for a whole generation.

I don't think I can explain this better than by illustrating first a silver dish (Fig. 2) and then a silver basket (Fig. 1). It is true that I have chosen a particularly plain dish and a particularly elaborate basket, but the two pieces do each of them stand for a point of view—and I suppose fashion in such things will go on repeating itself *ad infinitum*; very austere shapes become boring, and then all kinds of elaborations are introduced, and then

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ELEGANT DOMESTICITIES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the elaborations become boring and back we go to very simple designs once more. The dish now—a fine thing, 17 ins. in diameter—has as its only decoration (if one can call that a decoration) a narrow, moulded border. The date is 1714, the maker Seth Lofthouse.

What a contrast, what a luxurious piece of nonsense, is the basket by Paul de Lamerie (Fig. 1),



FIG. 1. A MONUMENT OF METICULOUS SILVERWORK: A BASKET BY PAUL DE LAMERIE DATING FROM 1731.

Frank Davis writes of this piece: "If you are irritated by the imitation of basketwork in a precious metal, you won't like it," but he points out that as a monument of meticulous silverwork it is superb.

By Courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

which is one of the many splendid pieces in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford! As a monument of meticulous silverwork, it is superb; if you are irritated by the imitation of basketwork in a precious metal, you won't like it, but you will have to admit that, as an example of precise and careful chasing and engraving and moulding, it is exceptional. The name of Lamerie has become so identified with the particularly elaborate style of the 1730's and 1740's that it is perhaps worth pointing out that: (1) he was one among many good silversmiths producing fine things at this time, and not the sole arbiter of silver fashions; and (2) that he was as much the child of his generation as any of the others: the pieces he produced in the 1720's were as simple and plain as those of his neighbours. There are fashions in collecting as well as in other walks of life, and it is customary to seize on to a name of some sort and imagine that that one name is all that matters. People must have a clock by Tompion, for example, when there are a dozen other splendid

horologists of his generation—and before and after. And it seems to me that excessive praise of the admirable Lamerie is unfair to the reputation of his contemporaries and in the long run is unlikely to keep his memory as green as it deserves to be.

Well, there's the teapot and the dish to illustrate the taste of one generation and the basket for the New Look of the 1730's—and, of course, we could go on finding New Looks as we go on. Perhaps it is worth while going back to the seventeenth century—to the generation before that of Queen Anne—to have a look at the very latest, the most up-to-date fashion of that period which no one who was anyone could possibly fail to possess. The choice is naturally fairly wide, but I think this cup and cover (Fig. 3) will fill the bill, because the mixture of classical and Chinese influences is typical. The date is 1683, and these things, which are rare but not unusual, are always called "Caudle cups." Caudle is gruel, and the description seems to me so revolting that I am surprised it has not fallen into disuse long ago; I believe people read that old-fashioned word and think it means something pleasant, like hot punch with lemon. However, forgetting its horrid associations with invalidism, these cups seem to me to provide a very fair impression of what was thought to be comely and pleasant in domestic silver at the time. They exist, of course, without the engraved scenes, but it is clear that the importations from the Far East which were beginning to reach Europe in very considerable quantities by way of the



FIG. 3. FEATURING A MIXTURE OF CLASSICAL AND CHINESE INFLUENCES TYPICAL OF THE PERIOD: A CHARLES II. CAUDLE CUP. The date of this Caudle cup is 1683 and the mixture of classical heads on the handles and the *Chinoiserie* design engraved on the bowl and cover is typical of the period.

By Courtesy of Sotheby's.

Dutch East India Company were having an effect upon even so generally conservative a class as the silversmiths; certainly they sprawl these birds, plants and personages over the smooth surface with every appearance of gaiety—nor are they in the least worried by the difference in style between the handles, with their classical heads and the free copy of some pattern from Chinese lacquer or porcelain or textile, and I don't think we are worried either.

There is a great fascination—I know many share my views—in thus looking back into the past and trying to deduce from quite simple works of art of this sort what kind of life people lived and in what sort of frame they existed. When we study architecture we are liable to think of great town or country houses; we have to remind ourselves continuously that not everyone lived in the grand manner. It is when we find a great number of silver teapots in use in the first twenty-five years of the eighteenth century and not before, that we suddenly realise that social habits have begun to change, and that a degree of homely comfort unknown until that time is spreading beyond the very wealthy classes. This domestic silver is a mark of greatly improved economic conditions throughout the nation; what is really surprising is that the general taste of the time was so good that it is almost impossible to find anything which can be called ungainly or offensive.



FIG. 4. WITH A LAMPSTAND BENEATH DATING FROM 1715: A SMALL OCTAGONAL GEORGE I. TEAPOT, MADE IN 1724.

"Here..." writes Frank Davis, "is a teapot which can be classified as noble.... The octagonal shape is a peculiarly pleasant convention which was applied also to the taller coffee-pots." [By Courtesy of Sotheby's.]

THIS superb cup illustrates the exquisite workmanship of Italian Renaissance goldsmiths and their lavish and inventive genius for ornamentation. It is carried out in enamelled gold, and has a richly-ornamented cover designed as a gently swelling mound. On the summit of this eminence are seated Diana and Orpheus, surrounded by Cupids and dogs. Below them are the following animals, modelled with the greatest skill and represented lying down in attitudes of repose: a bull, a horse, a goat, a unicorn, a camel, a stag and a lion. All the figures on the cover date from the Cinquecento, or, to use the English term, the sixteenth century, period of the High Renaissance, and are of enamelled gold, many being jewelled, with rubies and other precious stones. The inside of the cover bears a representation of a castle with some huntsmen in the vicinity. The bowl is oval and enamelled on the outside with mythological subjects on a white ground. Within are five similar subjects, of which one represents Apollo flaying Marsyas and another Dædalus and Icarus flying from Crete. The cup is supported by a gold figure of Atlas kneeling on an oval enamelled base designed as a mound surrounded by water. On this mound are many small lizards and frogs in relief. The cover dates from about 1556, and the figure of Atlas, and the lizards and frogs are contemporary with it; but the bowl and base must be ascribed to the seventeenth century. The Cinquecento work has much affinity with that of the most celebrated of all Italian Renaissance goldsmiths, Benvenuto Cellini (1500-1571), and is ascribed to him with considerable confidence by some authorities.

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113, New Bond Street, W.1.*



A SUPERB CUP AND COVER IN ENAMELLED GOLD, THE COVER DATING FROM C. 1556, AS DO THE FIGURE OF ATLAS, AND THE LIZARDS AND FROGS ON THE BASE; BUT THE BOWL AND BASE MUST BE ASCRIBED TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. THE GROUP ON THE APEX SHOWS ON ONE SIDE DIANA (SHOWN ABOVE), AND ON THE OTHER ORPHEUS (SEEN IN DETAIL BELOW) AND ANIMALS.



THE ART OF THE HIGH RENAISSANCE ITALIAN GOLDSMITHS: A SUPERB CUP AND COVER.

A PENDANT ASSOCIATED WITH MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, A RENAISSANCE MASTERPIECE ONCE OWNED BY HORACE WALPOLE, A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY NECKLACE, AND DIAMOND ROSES: THE GOLDSMITH'S ART.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BELONGED TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS: A HEART-SHAPED GEM-SET PENDANT WITH A RUBY AT THE POINT. THE OBVERSE, BEARING A CARVED HEAD.

THE muscular, naked savage lunging with the teeth and claws of wild animals, the Polynesian wreathed with exotic blossoms, the wealthy European woman glittering with diamonds, and the factory girl with a plastic "cameo" brooch on the lapel of her overall are all indulging a universal human weakness, the love of personal adornment, though the form that such decoration takes is, of necessity, conditioned by the social background of each individual's life. A princely and aristocratic order demands jewels of fine craftsmanship and high intrinsic value. During the Renaissance period in Europe great artists worked as jewellers and goldsmiths, and designed and made individual masterpieces for the members of the ruling houses and their courtiers. The link between jewellery and costume was then extremely close, and, on occasions of ceremony, in the sixteenth century the dresses of both men and women were seen with jewels, while rich ornaments were an integral part of their attire. On these pages we reproduce in colour four unique examples of the goldsmith's art. The gold and jewelled Renaissance binding of the *Illuminated Manuscript* is of extreme rarity and exceptional beauty. The *Manuscript itself*, written in a fine humanistic script, is the *Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Ad Usam Romanum Cum Calendario* (3 by 2 1/2 ins.) with sixteen full-page miniatures and

(Continued opposite.



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY NECKLACE OF GOLD, ENAMELLED SET WITH EMERALDS AND OTHER JEWELS, A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF THE JEWELLER'S ART. POSSIBLY SOUTH GERMAN.

(Continued)

Virgin Mary, "O Mary, Mother of Grace, Mother of Pity, guard us from the enemy and sustain us in the hour of death." The intaglios may be Pactus work; the Virgin in particular resembles two bronze plaquettes of that school. Range 443 and 446, of which the former is signed by Moderno; another, more elaborate, intaglio was in the Lafalotte sale of 1883, and is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Selling Collection). In the clasp of the binding is a large pink tourmaline. The beautiful marker was not associated with the binding during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but when the manuscript came up for sale in 1925 the marker, which consists of an exquisitely carved carnelian figure of Christ at the Column, and pendent pearl, was missing, but was restored to its legitimate place by Mr. S. J. Phillips, who had obtained it through other channels and recognised its connection with the precious volume. The early history of the MS. and binding is not known, but it was in the collection of the great physician, Dr. Richard Meade (1673-1734), and is described in the *Museum Meadianum*. It was purchased by Horace Walpole in the Meade sale, 1755, and is described in the Strawberry Hill Sale catalogue. According to the account in the *Museum Meadianum* it is described as having belonged to the wife of Francis I. of France. This led Horace Walpole to write on one of the fly-leaves that it was executed expressly for Queen Claude, first wife of that monarch, and that it passed from her to the family of J.-A. de Thou, the historian and book collector. This is impossible if the MS. was written in 1532, the date thrice inscribed in it, for Queen Claude died in 1524; nor can it have been the MS. which passed after her death to the de Thou family, as the description of this is inappropriate to the present volume. On the other hand, the book may have belonged to Queen Eleanor of Austria, second wife of Francis I., sister of Charles V., who married the French King in 1530. The saints on the cover connect it with Francis I. St. Francis of Assisi was his patron saint; and as a collector of Greek manuscripts and a patron of learning he may well have had a devotion for St. Jerome, the great scholar who translated the Bible from Greek into Latin. It is interesting to recall that two savants closely connected with the King were called after the saint—Jerome Pontolus of

(Continued)

Cremona, who bought Greek manuscripts at Venice for the Fontainebleau Library and became tutor to the Dauphin, and Jerome Alessandro, Papal legate, who was taken prisoner in the King's company at Paris. It seems far from improbable that Pontolus had the intaglios engraved at Padua and the binding executed there or in Venice for Francis I. or Queen Eleanor. The book was lent by Frances Countess of Walgrave to an exhibition of works of art at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1862. Later it was in the collections of Alfred de Rothschild and of the late Lord Rothesmere. A paper slip, written in what appears to be an eighteenth-century hand, has long been in the case with the book. This attempts to connect it with Henry VIII., stating that he gave it to Katherine of Aragon; but this is impossible, according to the date 1532 in the Manuscript, for Henry married Anne Boleyn in 1532. It may, however, be recalled that in 1538 Anne Boleyn accompanied Henry VIII. to France, as his future wife, and this suggests that it might have been possible that Francis I. gave the precious volume to the future Queen of England, who, it will be recalled, was well known at the French Court, as in 1514 she had accompanied Mary Tudor to France for her marriage to Louis XII. and had lived there for some years as Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Claude. The sixteenth-century necklace of gold, enamelled and set with emeralds and other jewels was probably made on the Continent, possibly in South Germany, and is a superb example of the goldsmith's art of the period. The heart-shaped jewel of gold is most probably French, and is believed to have been the property of Mary, Queen of Scots. One side bears a beautiful enamelled design of extreme delicacy and the other a finely-carved cameo head. A ruby is set in the point of the ornament, which turns round in a beautiful sweep. Visitors to the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, "Holbein and Other Masters," will notice Renaissance jewels, resembling those we reproduce, depicted in the Tudor portraits. The bouquet of roses in diamonds and enamelled gold is an excellent example of late sixteenth-century, or possibly early nineteenth-century, work and may be English.

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THE REVERSE OF THE HEART-SHAPED GOLD GEM-SET JEWEL BELIEVED TO HAVE BELONGED TO MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, SHOWING THE ENAMELLED DESIGN IT BEARS.



A LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY OR EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY BROOCH IN THE FORM OF A BOUQUET OF ROSES, THE FLOWERS AND LEAVES MODELLED WITH EXACTITUDE.



A SUPERB GOLD JEWELLED RENAISSANCE BINDING FOR A MS. OF THE HOURS OF THE B.V.M., EACH COVER BEARING A CARNELIAN INTAGLIO. FORMERLY OWNED BY HORACE WALPOLE.



ONE OF THE FINEST OF SARDINIA'S UNIQUE ARCHÆOLOGICAL FEATURES:
THE NURAGHE LOSA, NEAR ABBASANTA. SEE ALSO BOTTOM, RIGHT.

SARDINIA, the second largest of the Mediterranean islands, is remarkable in that almost none of its antiquities dates from classical times, but almost entirely from that prehistoric age which saw the development of the use of metal in the Mediterranean basin. These Bronze Age antiquities are of three types: first are the "Giants' Graves" (*Tumbas de sos Gigantes*), which are oblong, dolmen-like structures of stone, 3 to 6 ft. wide and 15 to 36 ft. long; next come the "Fairy

[Continued below.]



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NURAGHE ORGONOS, AN ENIGMA OF THE BRONZE AGE, FRAMED
BETWEEN THE PADS OF THE NEW WORLD PRICKLY PEAR.

[Continued.]

Houses" (*Domus de Gianus* or *Domigheddas*), which are square or circular tomb-chambers in groups of two or more; finally, and most important, are the Nuraghi, which are believed to be absolutely confined to Sardinia. A Nuraghe is a blunted, conical tower of unmortared stone, sometimes rough, sometimes part-dressed, and built with an art and craftsmanship which has outlasted the centuries. Baedeker rates the number of them as between 4000 and 5000, and even more modern and

[Continued above, right.]

[Continued.]

perhaps more conservative judges put the number as high as over 3000. They have an upper and a lower chamber—in the better-preserved cases—and a spiral passage or more in the thickness of the walls. Their purpose is an enigma; and the suggestions have been variously made that they were fortresses, watch-towers, concentration-points for a village, and even tombs. But none of these views is absolutely conclusive. Mr. Kellow Chesney, however, advances the view, held by a local antiquary, that there is evidence to show that the uppermost stones

[Continued below.]



SMALLER, BUT MORE TYPICAL, THAN THE NURAGHE LOSA: THE NURAGHE ORGONOS,
NEAR GHILARZA, WHICH IS CIRCULAR AND IN THE FORM OF A BLUNTED CONE.

[Continued.]

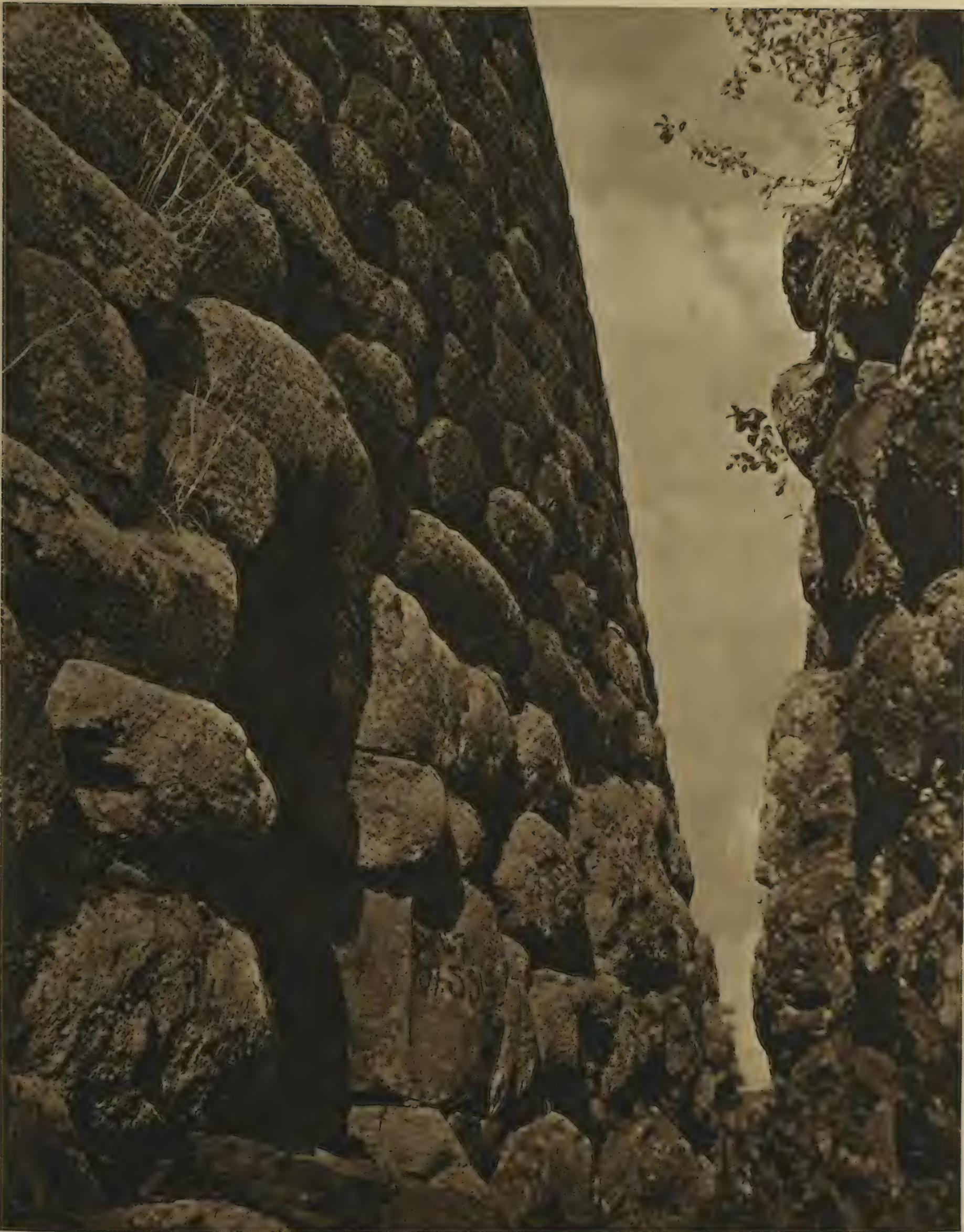
often show signs of burning, and that, in consequence, the Nuraghi may have been used "as fire temples or as places of cremation." The Nuraghe Losa, which we show on this page, is perhaps the largest and best preserved. It is however, untypical in not being circular but in the form of a rounded rectangle. It lies about fifteen miles inland from the west coast and about half-way between the north and south extremities of the island.

From Colour Photographs by W. Suschitzky.



THE UNMORTARED WALLS OF THE NURAGHE LOSA, 4000 YEARS OR MORE OLD,
WITH THE ENTRANCE FACING A SMALLER NURAGHE.

SARDINIA'S BRONZE-AGE ENIGMAS: NURAGHI-WATCH-TOWERS, OR FIRE-TEMPLES?



A MASTERPIECE OF BRONZE-AGE ARCHITECTURE AND CRAFTSMANSHIP, AND AN ENDURING RIDDLE TO THE ARCHÆOLOGIST :
THE NURAGHE LOSA, NEAR ABBASANTA, SARDINIA—NOW A NATIONAL MONUMENT.

The strange stone towers, *nuraghi*, of which Sardinia has over 3000 (and no other country any at all) are illustrated here, in colour on the facing page and overleaf, where Mr. Kellow Chesney discusses their nature and their possible significance. The one on this page is the Nuraghe Losa, which is one of the largest and best-preserved.

It is now protected as a national monument. It is made of un-mortared basalt blocks and comprises a main tower (probably originally of three floors) and three smaller towers incorporated in an irregular structure. The main entrance, which we show, is protected by a small tower, which can be seen on the right.

SARDINIA'S BRONZE-AGE ENIGMAS: THE UNIQUE NURAGHI, PREHISTORIC TOWERS WHOSE PURPOSE IS STILL A RIDDLE.

By KELLOW R. CHESNEY.

"EXPERIENCE is the progenitor of humility," wrote a wise Chinese many years ago. All over the world, from the peaks of the Andes to the defiles of the Taurus, from Easter Island to Salisbury Plain, modern man is confronted with a great range



THE NURAGHE OF MURAVERA: THOUGH LESS WELL PRESERVED THAN MANY AND WITH A WALL OF ONE THICKNESS OF STONE ONLY, IT IS THOROUGHLY TYPICAL IN SHAPE. IT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED AT SOME PERIOD AND SUBSEQUENTLY RESTORED.

of monuments concerning whose makers and purpose he knows so little that his ideas regarding them are little better than inspired guesses. Sometimes our notions concerning these works are grounded on a few sparse grains of hard certainty, laboriously prised by archaeologists from the jaws of the past: but only too often even these are missing and all the student is offered is the rather hazy extension of some general historical theory; originally conceived to explain a quite different series of phenomena.

Among the most extraordinary of the stone testaments left by our forefathers to rack their descendants' brains are the Nuraghi of Sardinia. Sardinia, as a glance at a projection map of the area shows, is almost equidistant from the African and European mainlands. It is the second largest island in the Mediterranean, with good natural ports along the coasts ("One of the best anchorages I have met with," wrote Nelson), and serried rows of mountain ridges inland, which make natural fortresses of the upland plateaux. An ideal refuge for a seafaring race; and here during the first half of the second millennium before Christ came a race of exiles, a people fleeing from Asia Minor, probably dispossessed in one of the periodic upheavals which have made of that country a palimpsest of different cultures.

This folk, like the Philistines and other Eastern Mediterranean peoples who suffered similar fates, sought refuge in their ships and in all probability took to a life of piracy and raiding till they found an hospitable coast where they could once again establish themselves on dry land. Though they have been identified with the "People of the Sea" of the Egyptian records, and though their artefacts have been found to bear close relation to similar objects from the Balearics and elsewhere, these early Sardinians remain obscure; their identity and origin hidden in the twilight zone which precedes the dawn of historical society. All that remains of them in their old homeland is the syllable "Sard" in such names as "Sardis" and "Sardanapalus"—and there are those who will not allow them even this humble etymological memorial.

Whatever may here be the truth, contemporary Sardinian scholars allow only two, among all the rich

Since we know so little of the early Sardians themselves, what do we know of their one indisputable memorial—their unique architectural remains—the Nuraghi? At first sight, a good deal.

A Nuraghe is a cone-shaped tower truncated at the summit so as to form a circular platform, built of unmortared stones used either as they were found or else only rudely dressed, yet fitted together with such consummate skill that, after more than 3000 years the building still presents a perfectly regular outline. The stones are laid in horizontal courses, the larger members, often greater cyclopean blocks, being used at the base. At the time of their construction—no undamaged Nuraghe exists to-day—the completed edifices must have varied from about 30 to 70 ft. in height.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these strange buildings is their great number and wide distribution on the island—even to-day there exist the remains of more than 3000—and the curious fact that analogous buildings are to be found nowhere else. In Corsica, across the narrow Straits of Bonifaccio (studded with substantial islets so that there is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from land to land at the furthest crossing) there is no single, solitary relic of a Nuraghe; while Minorca and Majorca, rich in metal and ceramic remains almost identical with those of the early Sardinians, are equally devoid of even a trace of this unique architecture.

The most impressive of the Nuraghi is the great pile at Abbasanta, roughly midway between the northern and southern extremities of the island and about 25 miles from the west coast. Here there are many signs of a great social or religious centre. The building itself does not conform to the strict conical design of the normal Nuraghe, but forms in plan a slightly rounded rectangle; this, however, applies only to the 40 ft. or so which remain standing: many archaeologists believe, with good reason, that the upper parts of the original building were drawn into the regular sugar-loaf form generally favoured by the ancient Sardinians. Round the vast base are gathered the remains of half-a-dozen ancillary buildings, smaller Nuraghi and courts; all apparently of later date than the great centre-piece.

Within, the two superimposed domed chambers of the more usual form (domed without mortar or keystone) yield at Abbasanta to a more complicated scheme of several chambers, the three on the ground level being connected with those above by spiral staircases set in the thickness of the enormous walls, and so designed as to wind in opposite directions without encountering one another.

For what purpose were these buildings erected? Who dwelt in these chambers, climbed these lightless stairs? The shepherd, who often enough shares a ground-floor chamber with part of his flock, will tell you, twisting his mouth to the unfamiliar Italian, that they were built by giants who stored their treasure here.

Archæologists, rejecting for want of funerary remains an earlier theory that they were burial towers created to the *manes* of dead priests or kings, now often incline to the opinion that the Nuraghe

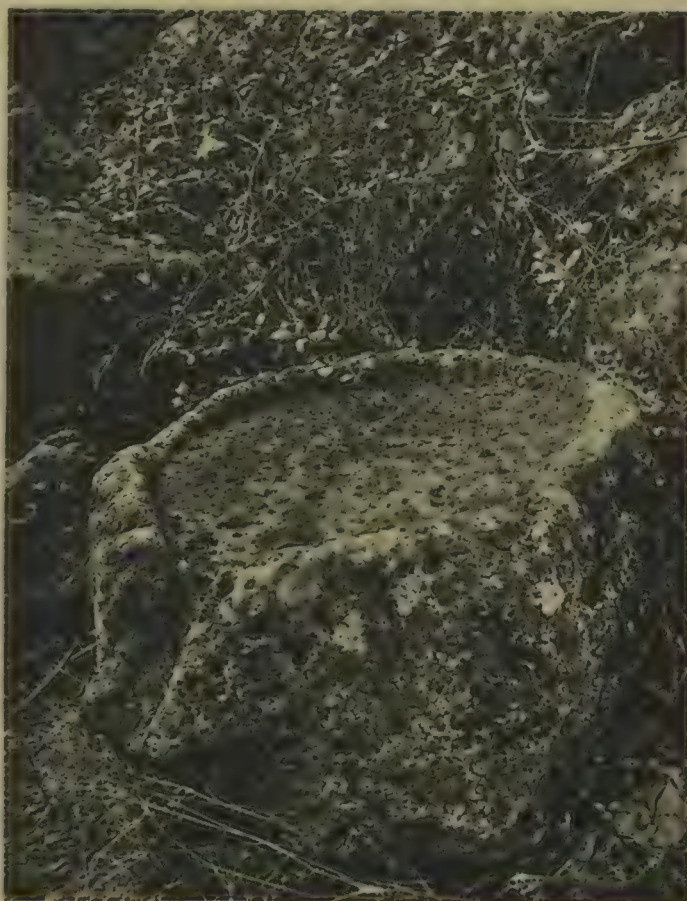
hotch-potch of Latin, Tuscan, Spanish, Greek and Arab words which constitute the modern Sard dialects, to be of genuine and antique proto-Sard origin—the word "Sard" (Sardinian) itself and "Nuraghe."

constituted a species of village citadel, inhabited perhaps by a chief, to which the local inhabitants repaired when attacked in time of war. To this there are several admitted objections, among others the smallness and isolation of many Nuraghi, and the impossibility, even with the higher water table of pre-classical times, that they were situated above springs of water. Furthermore, this notion of their military significance depends in part on the presence of certain loopholes which occasionally occur in the outer walls, particularly where there exist outworks, as at Abbasanta. Now the writer, with every respect, was able to satisfy himself that the embrasures at Abbasanta are such that the angle of fire for anyone equipped with a long-bow, whether held laterally or vertically, or with a javelin, would be impossibly disadvantageous. Even were the hypothetical defender equipped with modern firearms, and so able to approach close to the outer surface of the building and achieve a maximum traverse, the arrangement would still be thoroughly ill-adapted for defence; while a glance at the arrangements of a mediæval castle shows that the functional requirements of archery demand a wholly different approach to the problem.

Again, it has been suggested that these buildings were watch or signal towers; but this theory is rendered difficult by their disposition, for though they are generally sited on commanding ground, two or more are often so placed as to make each other redundant for such a purpose, while an apparently essential eminence seems often to have been neglected.

An acquaintance of the writer, an old country notary who has spent a great part of a long life hunting boar and wild sheep in the mountains and who knows intimately much of the remote countryside, told him that in his experience among the stones found lying in the vicinity of a Nuraghe, those which appeared from their shape and position to have at one time formed the topmost part of the building, surprisingly often showed traces of having been blackened by fire. This suggested to the old man that the towers were used as fire temples or as places of cremation; an hypothesis favoured by the remarkable fact that the Nuraghi were built of stone, evidently with immense labour, by a Bronze Age people who, living in a then densely forested country, built neither ramparts nor palaces nor temples of such intractable material.

The effort required to complete the work at Abbasanta must have been stupendous. It is one of the latest of its kind, and indeed appears to represent the summit of the Nuraghe-builder's art. It is constructed of hard volcanic rock, and near the entrance to the principal chamber lies a slab of the same stone carved as an altar or part of a fruit-press. This object is unique. The edges for retaining the liquor and the drainage-lip are perfect. For what was it made? Does it hold the riddle of the Nuraghe? What libations of blood or wine or milk were poured forth here? As with the images of Easter Island and the stones of Carnac, the answer is lost in the twilight of pre-history.



"FOR WHAT WAS IT MADE? DOES IT HOLD THE RIDDLE OF THE NURAGHE? WHAT LIBATIONS OF BLOOD OR WINE OR MILK WERE POURED FORTH HERE?" THE UNIQUE CARVED STONE WHICH LIES NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE MAIN TOWER OF THE NURAGHE LOSA AND WHICH IS MADE OF THE SAME HARD VOLCANIC ROCK AS THE TOWER ITSELF.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. PETER FRASER.



AFTER LYING IN STATE IN THE VESTIBULE OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS: THE COFFIN BEING PLACED IN A HEARSE, TO BE TAKEN TO ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



HEADED BY A COMBINED REGIMENTAL PIPE BAND AND THE WELLINGTON WATERSIDERS' SENIOR SILVER BAND: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE ON THE WAY TO KARORI CEMETERY.



FILING SLOWLY PAST THE GRAVE TO PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO A GREAT NEW ZEALAND STATESMAN: MOURNERS, HEADED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, SIR BERNARD FREYBERG, V.C., AT THE CEMETERY.

The funeral of Mr. Peter Fraser, Prime Minister of New Zealand from 1940 to 1949, who died on December 12, took place on December 15. On the previous day the body lay in State in the vestibule of Parliament Buildings, while more than 7000 people filed past the catafalque and the large Social Hall of the Buildings, was filled with the many hundreds of wreaths from people in all parts of New Zealand, the Commonwealth, and many other countries. On the morning of the funeral the coffin was taken from Parliament Buildings to St. John's Presbyterian Church for the funeral service and was then placed on a gun-carriage and taken in procession to Karori Cemetery. The streets of Wellington were crowded with mourners who stood ten-deep in the hot summer sunshine to pay their last respects to one of New Zealand's most distinguished and famous men. The procession was headed by motor-cycle police and mounted police, followed by two bands, the gun-carriage and pall-bearers, ninety-five official cars, and six lorries carrying the wreaths.

SCIENCE ENTERTAINS AT CHRISTMAS.

Pantomimes and parties are not the only entertainment available for children at Christmas-time, for the lectures at some of our institutions and museums at this time of the year are specially designed for young audiences and scientists vie with the best of conjurers or story-tellers in holding the rapt attention of their audiences. On December 28 Professor E. N. Da C. Andrade, F.R.S., Director of the Davy Faraday Research Laboratory, opened the 121st series of Christmas lectures on the laws of vibrations at the Royal Institute and illustrated his lecture with amusing experiments. At the Natural History Museum Dr. W. E. Swinton, a contributor to our "World of Science" page from time to time, entitled his lecture "The Lost World," and showed the children some of the giant reptiles with which fiction has made them familiar. A somewhat grimmer aspect of science was revealed by Dr. H. S. Holden, Director of the Metropolitan Police Laboratory, in his lecture on science and the detection of crime at the Imperial College of Science on December 28. His illustrations of objects found by the police investigating the Haigh case were hardly suitable for children, though there were many schoolchildren in his audience.



THE CHRISTMAS LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE: PROFESSOR E. N. DA C. ANDRADE LECTURING ON "THE LAWS OF VIBRATIONS" TO A YOUNG AUDIENCE ON DECEMBER 28.



TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION: DR. W. E. SWINTON SHOWING CHILDREN A HORNED DINOSAUR DURING HIS LECTURE ENTITLED "THE LOST WORLD" AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.



SCIENCE AND THE DETECTION OF CRIME: DR. H. S. HOLDEN, DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE LABORATORY, ANSWERING QUESTIONS AFTER HIS LECTURE AT THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE.



The World of the Theatre.

TRAVEL TALK.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHAT I do like about Christmas in the theatre is that it allows us to travel without discomfort. During the last few weeks I have been to some curious, unlikely places: to Gooseland, the village of Merry-Go-Round, the Beast's Castle, the Norfolk of King

we can appreciate the tang, the rough high spirits of it all, the wealth of Jonsonian invention. I doubt whether it can ever be a generally popular play. It is sprawling, diffuse, a pageant, a panorama. Jonson picks up threads of plot and drops them again. Unless a playgoer unfamiliar with the text clings to the theme of Justice Overdo in disguise, spying out the "enormities" of Smithfield, he may be baffled by the diversity of incident, Jonson's zigzag darts hither and thither.

Personally, I am glad to have this Smithfield label on my bag: to have heard Roger Livesey's

Overdo, Numps and Bartholomew, and that is written throughout in Jonson's lusty, gusty prose. It is worth visiting the Vic to hear Roger Livesey's Overdo as he surges through the speech that begins: "I will make no more orations."

After this, "Lace On Her Petticoat" (Ambassadors) is a very quiet little play: a comedy of late Victorian manners on an island off the Scottish coast. The year is 1885. The young daughters of the Marchioness and the milliner strike up the kind of schoolgirl friendship that, at the time, seems the most precious thing in the world. The rigid caste system of the day separates Alexis from Elspeth, but not before we have had some freshly-treated scenes, written by Aimée Stuart with a sympathy to which the performances of Perlita Neilson and Eleanor Macready are properly responsive. These passages are the making of the play: the adult love-interest is commonplace, though it is coaxed into life by Sophie Stewart and Ellis Irving, with Muriel Aked (in the theatre again at last) always hovering round as a kind-dragon Grannie.

So, from this calm interlude, back to the rush-and-rumble of the pantomimes. I found the best of these at the Players' Theatre: a frolic, or New Fairy Burlesque Extravaganza, by H. J. Byron, called "Ali Baba; or, The Thirty-nine Thieves" ("in accordance with the author's habit of 'taking one off'"). If you loathe puns and hate rhymed couplets, this is not the piece for you; but if you enjoy the old Victorian ways, everything is here—with final harlequinade added.

Indeed, the only jarring moment is when the thieves are jarred. (I am sorry: Byron's style



A PLAY ABOUT A FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN 1885: "LACE ON HER PETTICOAT," BY AIMÉE STUART, AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE; A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) MCDUGAL (DAVID KEIR); HAMISH COLQUHOUN (ELLIS IRVING); ALEXANDRA CARMICHAEL (PERLITA NEILSON); FAITH MCNAIRN (SOPHIE STEWART); MRS. OLIPHANT (MURIEL AKED); ELSPETH MCNAIRN (ELEANOR MACREADY).

Nollekens and Queen Doll, and a forest near Bagdad, not to speak of such relatively expected places as St. Olde's College, Oxford, and the Never-Never-Never. There are other coloured labels on my luggage, and these not specifically from Christmas touring: Smithfield in 1614, for example; the Royal Apartments (choose your country) some time in the early eighteenth century; and an island off the south-west coast of Scotland in 1885. More yet; but, for the moment, these will do. I am happy to report that there is not one Lounge Hall in Sussex.

Few of the scenes are fixed in mind. Indeed, pantomime sets this season are more garish than ever, though none would ask for holiday décor to be in subdued good taste. Primary colours and plenty of glitter are the main things. We have these; but, with an embarrassed nod to the various designers, all I can recall clearly is a Highland waterfall in "Goody Two Shoes" (Casino). The water comes down with a pelting "swoosh" that must remind many of nights with a burst pipe. As we sat at the première, admiring Real Water so ardently, I realised that at heart we were all akin to Vincent Crummies, the lord of the pump and two tubs.

Away from the panto-lands, I hope someone will soon get to work on new Never-Never-Never scenery for "Peter Pan." Traditions can surely be relaxed. There would be no harm in re-designing "Peter": the play at the Scala is well enough acted, but the frame is drab when you compare it with the both amusing and atmospheric sets for "The Silver Curlew," at the Fortune, or Joan Jefferson Farjeon's imaginative simplicities in "Beauty and the Beast," at the Westminster.

The sets and the scenes I remember best are those of the hurly of Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," at the Old Vic, a play from a Jacobean August. In Edinburgh last summer, owing to the shape of the Assembly Hall, the fair booths, with the sellers of hobby-horses, the gingerbread woman, and the rest of the Jonsonian rout, had to be spread across the back of the platform-stage. Acting was excellent; but the production did suffer from its remoteness. We need in this piece to be right in the centre of things, to be walking ourselves through Smithfield on that hot summer day in 1614; and it was just this feeling that we lacked at Edinburgh. At the Old Vic, with its greater intimacy, all is well: the Fair, in "Motley" sets, has been brought down to us, and, no longer as distant spectators,

portentous honey-pot of a Justice crying "On, Junius Brutus!"; to have marked the puckered frown of Alec Clunes' Humphrey Waspe ("Numps") in pursuit of the wandering boy; and to have heard the summer-morning delight of Robert Eddison's Master Bartholomew as he gazed round the packed booths and cried in ecstasy: "But I do want such a number of things!" The play has its tedious sections: Ursula, the pig-woman, and Dan Jordan Knockem, the horse-courser—though Nuna Davey and William Devlin act them loyally—can be nothing, I fear, but bores, and various other people promise more than they perform. For all that, we can forgive much to a piece that has three such superb creations as



THE THIRTY-FOURTH LONDON SEASON OF A PLAY WITH A PHENOMENAL CAREER: "CHARLEY'S AUNT," BY BRANDON THOMAS, AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) JACK CHESNEY (DONALD PRICE); CHARLES WYKEHAM (BRYAN GRANT); LORD FANCOURT BABBERLEY (LESLIE PHILLIPS); AND STEPHEN SPETTIGUE (FREDERICK MORANT). "CHARLEY'S AUNT" WAS FIRST PRODUCED IN 1892, AND RAN FOR FOUR YEARS. IT HAS BEEN TRANSLATED INTO ALMOST EVERY LANGUAGE AND PERFORMED IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"A GLASS OF WATER," (Mercury).—Ashley Dukes has given a gay style and finish to an old clockwork-comedy by Scribe, originally about the Court of Queen Anne. (December 11.)
 "LADY PRECIOUS STREAM" (Arts Theatre Club).—S. I. Hsiung's Chinese make-believe is happily renewed, with Joy Parker as Precious Stream. (December 13.)
 "LACE ON HER PETTICOAT" (Ambassadors).—What happens when two young girls—the daughters of a Marchioness and a milliner—attempt to defy class distinctions in the year 1885. Aimée Stuart's Scots comedy, laced with conventional soothing-syrup, is made by the writing and acting of the scenes for the children (Perlita Neilson and Eleanor Macready). Sophie Stewart and Muriel Aked lend their experience. (December 14.)
 "BARTHOLOMEW FAIR" (Old Vic).—George Devine's well-sustained Jonson revival, done at Edinburgh last summer, fits the more intimate stage of the Old Vic. Jonson himself called his comedy "merry and as full of noise as sport." (December 18.)
 "MILLS CIRCUIS" (Olympia).—The Christmas classic. (December 19.)
 "ALI BABA" (Players).—The punning romp of H. J. Byron (1863), with Daphne Anderson's blithe Morgiana.
 "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" (Westminster).—Nicholas Stuart Gray's children's fantasy deserves its second showing. (December 19.)
 "GOODY TWO SHOES" (Casino).—Arthur Askey, in skirts, and the sound of "Annie Laurie" sung before a foaming Highland cascade. (December 20.)
 "PETER PAN" (Scala).—Margaret Lockwood is an unfussed Peter; but surely, before long someone must re-design the sets. (December 21.)
 "TOM ARNOLD'S CIRCUIS" (Harrington).—For all slaves of the Ring. (December 21.)
 "CHARLEY'S AUNT" (Saville).—The youths of St. Olde's. (December 21.)
 "THE SILVER CURLEW" (Fortune).—The Eleanor Farjeon-Clifton Parker fantasy is the most imaginative Christmas play of the year. (December 22.)
 "BABES IN THE WOOD" (Palladium).—A pantomime that will grow with performance. Adele Dixon is already a dominating Principal Boy. (December 23.)
 "MOTHER GOOSE" (Princes).—Hy Hazell and all the trimmings. (December 23.)
 "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Stoll).—New life for an old stager. (December 23.)
 "TREASURE ISLAND" (St. James's; matinées).—Keneth Kent is now the Long John. (December 26.)
 "MASKELYN'S MYSTERIES" (Comedy; matinées).—Seeing through a lady. (December 26.)
 "THE BLACK ARROW" (Old Vic; matinées).—Stevenson's mediæval "tushery" brought to the stage by John Blatchley and the cast of the Young Vic. (December 26.)

is contagious.) Hattie Jacques and Joan Sterndale Bennett, who have adapted the piece, are both in it, Miss Bennett as Abdalla, "leader of the brassiest band imaginable," and I like particularly the whisk-and-flash of Daphne Anderson's delightful Morgiana.

The bigger West End pantomimes run according to rule. They are duly packed and splendiferous, although little in them lingers: that Casino cascade, maybe; the agility of Jewel and Warriss (Palladium) and Arthur Askey (Casino); and the handsome swashing of the principal boys, Hy Hazell (Princes) and Adele Dixon (Palladium). For the rest . . . but it is probably bad manners to carp. We must say "Thank you for having us."

I murmur this with more honesty to such uncommon children's plays as "Beauty and the Beast" and (first of the bunch) "The Silver Curlew." Even a confirmed West-countryman must give homage to Nollekens of Norfolk and his Queen, and to the adorable Poll of Gwen Cherrell. Here, truly, is a label I hope to find on my bag year after year.

A NOTABLE COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION: TCHAIKOVSKY'S "THE QUEEN OF SPADES."



IN THE SUMMER GARDEN, ST. PETERSBURG: THE OLD COUNTESS (EDITH COATES) WITH HER GRANDDAUGHTER LISA (HILDE ZADEK) AND OFFICERS OF THE ARMY.



THE AGED COUNTESS, KNOWN AS "THE QUEEN OF SPADES" (EDITH COATES), IN HER ELABORATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ATTIRE, WITH HER GRANDDAUGHTER LISA (HILDE ZADEK).

TCHAIKOVSKY'S opera "The Queen of Spades," never before seen at Covent Garden, and not given in London since Rosing did it in Russian in 1915 at the London Opera House, is brilliantly produced at Covent Garden by Michael Benthall in the English version by Rosa Newmarch, with costumes and scenery by Oliver Messel, and conducted by that great artist, the guest conductor, Dr. Erich Kleiber (whose portrait appears on another page). "The Queen of Spades" may not be a great opera, but it contains some highly attractive music, and has a thrilling story based on Pushkin's tale of love, gaming and supernatural adventure. It was enthusiastically received at Covent Garden on December 21 and is due to be given on January 12 and 19, while it is expected that dates for performances in February will be arranged. Edith Coates gives a performance of arresting dramatic power as the aged Countess, reputed to know the secret of Three Lucky Cards, who dies of fright when Herman hides in her room and questions her. Edgar Evans sings and acts admirably as Herman, and the cast includes Marko Rothmuller, Hilde Zadek and Monica Sinclair.



THE LOVERS, HERMAN (EDGAR EVANS) AND LISA (HILDE ZADEK). HERMAN'S HEART IS DIVIDED BETWEEN HIS LOVE FOR LISA AND HIS PASSION FOR GAMING.



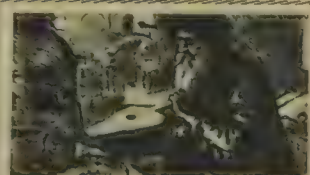
SINGING A CHARMING BALLAD AND ABLY ACCOMPANYING HERSELF ON THE SPINET: MONICA SINCLAIR AS PAULINE, IN THE SCENE IN LISA'S ROOM.



HERMAN (EDGAR EVANS) ATTEMPTING TO WREST THE SECRET OF THE THREE LUCKY CARDS FROM THE COUNTESS (EDITH COATES). SHE DIES OF FRIGHT AT HIS INSISTENCE.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE TEETH AND SCALES OF SHARKS.

THOSE who are not deeply immersed in the science of zoology call them all fishes. The zoologist is compelled to recognise that they are readily divisible into two well-marked groups, having the same general form and appearance but differing in their fundamental characters.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

difference is hardly noticeable, for the very small teeth clothing the massive jaws of these leviathans are virtually identical with the scales clothing their bodies. Even the large teeth of the man-eaters,

for all their greater size, differ little in form and hardly at all in structure, from the scales. Was this, then, coincidence?

Even this might have been accepted as of no great significance but for another discovery, that in the newly-hatched young of the dogfish, the dermal denticles, covering the body, are continued over the lips and into the mucous lining of the mouth where the teeth would normally be. In other words, the jaws of the young dogfish are provided, not with teeth in the strict sense, but with teeth that differ in no particular from the body scales; and, moreover, are in physical continuity with them. It is only later in life that they are replaced by teeth proper; but even these differ from the scales in size only. If we may use the term in a loose and symbolic sense, the "milk teeth" of the young

The bony fishes, as we have already seen, resemble the sharks and rays in general form and structure, and show much the same variation in shape, in spite of fundamental differences. In fact, but for the zoologists, nobody would think of separating them. It is, therefore, not too extravagant to believe that they are not only very closely related but could have been derived from the same ancestral stock. It only needs the deposition of calcium carbonate in or around the cartilaginous skeleton of a shark to bring us a fair way along the road to the evolution of the bony fishes. The other differences between them could be resolved as simply, or nearly so. Assuming, then, this hypothesis, a common ancestry for both elasmobranch and bony fishes, it may be worth studying the teeth of the latter to see what can be gleaned from them. In the bony fishes we find a greater diversity in the form and arrangement of the teeth. Notwithstanding this they fall into four well-defined types. In some species the teeth are similar to those of sharks, anchored to the jaws by fibrous membranes only. In others, which include pike and eels, the teeth are held in position by an elastic hinge. This arrangement is more efficient and represents an advance on the fibrous membrane, though still not far removed from it. In the third group each tooth is ankylosed to the jaw by a bony pad, which comes away with the tooth if it be wrenched off. Again, there is an increase in efficiency, though this arrangement is still only a step removed from the second type, with the elastic hinge. Finally, in the fourth group, the teeth are let into sockets in the jaw. The sockets are crude, but between that arrangement and the efficiently socketed teeth of the mammals is still no great step. Even so, as we pass through the amphibia and the reptiles to the mammals, we find many intermediate stages between the crude socket found in some bony fishes and the efficient, multi-fanged molars of man.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE OTHER ILLUSTRATION ON THIS PAGE: THE TEETH OF THE DOGFISH *SCYLLIUM CANICULA*, A SMALL SHARK ABOUT 2 FT. LONG COMMONLY MET WITH IN THE SEAS AROUND THE BRITISH ISLES—THE STRUCTURE RECALLS THAT OF THE TEETH OF THE LARGER MAN-EATER, BUT HAVE NOT THE SAME DANGEROUS APPEARANCE AND ARE MUCH SMALLER.

There are, on the one hand, the elasmobranch fishes, or elasmobranchs. These are often referred to collectively as the sharks and rays, and include the giant but relatively inoffensive whale-sharks, up to 50 ft. or more long, the basking-sharks, 35 to 40 ft.; the large, blue sharks—the man-eaters—and also the tope, nurse-hound and dogfish of our own seas. In addition, they include the skate, sting-ray and the large devil-fishes. In all of these the skeleton is cartilaginous; or, in more homely English, it is made of gristle. On the other hand, there are the so-called bony fishes. These include such well-known fish as the herring, mackerel, cod, plaice and so on, as well as all the freshwater fishes. In these the skeleton is of bone. There are, of course, other differences between the two groups. One of these, in particular, merits a closer study. It is the difference between their scales.

The skin of a shark, or of a skate, is rough to the touch, like a file, and quite unlike what we are accustomed to in the more familiar bony fishes. In fact, shark's skin has been used in the past, if it is not still so used, by joiners and cabinet-makers as well as by metal-workers, for smoothing wood and metal. This is because the scales are sharp denticles embedded in the skin. Typically, these denticles, sometimes referred to as odontoids, or placoid scales, comprise a rounded or irregular base from which arises a sharp-pointed tooth. The use of the word "tooth"—or, indeed, of denticle, which means merely little tooth—is not inapt, since a denticle is made up mainly of a bony dentine covered externally by a layer of enamel and enclosing a pulp cavity. In other words, it bears a considerable resemblance to one of our own teeth, or, for that matter, to the teeth of any of the vertebrates, fish, amphibian, reptile or mammal (birds, of course, are toothless, except for some of the extinct forms).

The early comparative anatomists could not fail to note this remarkable similarity. Here was a group of fishes with the skin studded with veritable, though minute, teeth: teeth in structure, at all events, even though they differed somewhat in shape as compared with the teeth in our own heads. Naturally, the question would be raised whether this was just a remarkable coincidence or whether there was some deeper significance underlying the similarity. Perhaps the discovery would have been passed over, or at least given less weight, did the denticles not resemble so closely the teeth in the shark's mouth in all respects but size. In the whale-sharks and basking-sharks, that live on the minute animal and plant-life floating in the sea, even this

dogfish are in every sense scales. The seeming coincidence begins to hold a greater significance.

The known ancestors of the sharks take us far back in geological time, remains of undoubted sharks being found in some of the earliest fossiliferous rocks. In these, too, the teeth have this same close similarity with the scales. These facts, together with those already considered, have led to the suggestion that all teeth, whether of fish or mammal, have been derived from the placoid scales, or denticles, of the elasmobranchs. Or, to use the more familiar phraseology, that all teeth, including our own, have been evolved from the scales of ancestral fishes. It could, of course, be argued that, even if the teeth of sharks are so remarkably like the scales embedded in the skin of their bodies, it is still a far cry from the shark's tooth, seated on the jawbone, with only a fibrous membrane to keep it in place, to the mammalian tooth, with its roots implanted in sockets in the bone of the jaw.



RESEMBLING TEETH SCATTERED OVER THE SURFACE OF THE BODY: ISOLATED PLACOID SCALES OF THE DOGFISH, WHICH ARE MARKEDLY UNLIKE THOSE OF THE BONY FISHES. THE PROJECTING POINTS GIVE AN EFFICIENT ABRASIVE POWER TO THE SKIN.

The scales of the dogfish consist of a triradiate basal portion set in the skin and a projecting tooth-like portion. They consist of dentine and an outer enamel and an inner pulp. The canals of the pulp can be seen particularly well in one of the scales shown here.

Photographs by Denys A. Kempson.

Thus, while there are gaps in the series forming a transition from the dermal denticles of the early sharks to the teeth of the higher mammals, they are less striking than the completeness of the series of intergradations to be found both in animals now living and in the record of the fossils. We can take our choice between regarding these things as no more than a chain of extraordinary coincidences, or as evidence of the evolution of all vertebrate teeth, from the scales of ancestral sharks. Whichever alternative we choose will rest, however, largely on a personal preference or conviction, for neither is capable of proof. If a chain of coincidences, it is certainly remarkable. On the other hand, as a chain of evidence its weakness lies in the several suppositions that must be invoked to reach the ultimate conclusion.

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MATTERS MARITIME, HELIGOLAND "SQUATTERS", AND THE SEARCH FOR THE CORONATION STONE.



WRECKED ON THE TREACHEROUS GOODWIN SANDS: THE ITALIAN MOTOR-VESSEL *SANTA GATA*, ABANDONED AND NEARLY SUBMERGED, AFTER GOING AGROUND ON CHRISTMAS EVE. The Walmer, Deal, lifeboat was called out on Christmas Eve to go to the aid of the 7000-ton Italian motor-vessel, *Santa Gata*, which was aground on the Goodwin Sands. Just as the boatmen reached the vessel, the bowman of the lifeboat, James Rich, collapsed and died. The crew of the *Santa Gata* were landed at Deal. The ship, which was on the way from Casablanca to Leith with a cargo of phosphates, broke her back and was abandoned.



A NEW YORK WELCOME FOR THE LARGEST PASSENGER LINER ON THE BRITAIN-CANADA SERVICE: JETS OF WATER FROM A FIREBOAT SALUTE THE *EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND*. The largest passenger liner on the Britain-Canada service, the Canadian Pacific's *Empress of Scotland*, was given a civic welcome when she arrived in New York on December 19. It was her first commercial visit there. During the winter she is making a series of dollar-earning cruises from New York to the West Indies. As she went up the Hudson River she was escorted by coastguard cutters and fireboats, the latter welcomed her with a display of jets of water.



ERECTING A WOODEN CROSS NEAR THEIR A.A. TOWER HOME IN HELIGOLAND: A PARTY OF GERMAN "SQUATTERS," INCLUDING PRINCE LOEWENSTEIN (LEFT).



TIDYING THE ISLAND CEMETERY: A GROUP OF GERMAN STUDENTS AND OTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN "SQUATTING" IN HELIGOLAND. AN ORDER HAS NOW BEEN ISSUED MAKING IT ILLEGAL FOR UNAUTHORISED PERSONS TO VISIT THE ISLAND.



HOISTING THE HELIGOLAND FLAG BENEATH THAT OF THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE: THE HELIGOLAND "SQUATTERS" ON TOP OF THE BATTERED A.A. TOWER.

On December 29, the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Germany, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, issued an ordinance, with immediate effect, making it illegal for unauthorised persons to visit Heligoland. The German newspapers recently gave some prominence to what was called "the peaceful occupation"

of Heligoland by a motley group made up of students and others, which included Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein, who is well known for his Right-wing views. The "squatters" are camping on the island in protest against its use as an R.A.F. bombing target.



LAI'D AGAINST THE MEMORIAL TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE AT ELDESLIE, NEAR PAISLEY: A HOAX STONE OF SCONE, BEARING A CELTIC CROSS AND WITH LIFTING-RINGS.

Detectives hurried to the memorial to Sir William Wallace at Elderslie, near Paisley, on December 30, following a report by telegram that the Stone of Scone had been laid on the steps. The object placed there was a hoax, as though a stone of sandstone provided with lifting-rings, it was a modern production. The Elderslie memorial is a Scottish Nationalist meeting-place. The theft of the Stone and its history are dealt with on other pages.



THE SEARCH FOR THE STONE OF SCONE: DISAPPOINTED FACES AS OPERATIONS IN THE SERPENTINE RESULT IN THE RAISING OF A CONCRETE BLOCK.

Search for the Stone of Scone continues but, at the time of writing, without result. On December 28, following a telephone call, the bed of the Serpentine was dragged. A large object was located and raised on December 30 by police of the Thames Division, but proved to be a block of concrete. A document in the form of a petition to the King, which claimed to be from the persons who removed the stone, was received by a Glasgow newspaper on December 29.

VENETIAN 18TH-CENTURY ART AT WHITECHAPEL: A FINE LOAN EXHIBITION.



"THE THAMES FROM RICHMOND HOUSE"; BY ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO (1679-1768). ST. PAUL'S IS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND SURROUNDED BY THE SPIRES OF WREN'S CHURCHES.
(Pen, ink and wash on white paper. 13½ by 21½ ins. Lent by the Earl of Onslow.)



"THE BIRTH OF PUNCHINELLO"; BY DOMENICO TIEPOLO (c. 1726-1804). (Pen, brown ink and brown wash over black chalk. Approx. 11½ by 16½ ins. Lent by Mr. Brinsley Ford.)



"AN ITINERANT WATERCRESS SELLER"; BY PIETRO LONGHI (1702-1762). FORMERLY IN THE CAVENDISH BENTINCK COLLECTION.
(Canvas. 24 by 19 ins. Lent by the Marquess of Bath.)



"ST. PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS"; BY SEBASTIAN RICCI (1662-1734). VERTU STATES THAT ONE FIGURE RESEMBLES THE PAINTER, POSSIBLY THE FAT MAN ON THE LEFT.
(Canvas. 73½ by 62½ ins. Lent by the Chatsworth Estates Co.)



"THE REST ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"; BY G. B. PITTONI (c. 1690-1767). FORMERLY ATTRIBUTED TO G. B. TIEPOLO.
(Canvas. 87½ by 61½ ins. Lent by the Earl of Ancaster.)



"GROUP OF THE TIEPOLO FAMILY"—WITH THE PAINTER AT HIS EASEL; BY PIETRO LONGHI (1702-1762). UNFINISHED. (Canvas. 29½ by 39½ ins. Lent by the Earl of Rosebery.)



"THE DOGANA AND SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). (Canvas. 13½ by 18 ins. Lent by the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery.)

The Whitechapel Art Gallery are opening the celebrations in connection with their Jubilee, which falls this year, by an important exhibition of Eighteenth-Century Venetian Paintings and Drawings. This is the largest show of Venetian painting ever held outside Venice, and the close artistic connection between Venice and England in the eighteenth century is illustrated by the fact that the works on view have all been generously lent from public collections or by private owners. Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., arranged to open the exhibition on January 3, and it will remain at Whitechapel until March 14, when it moves to the City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, where it will be seen from March 21 to April 18. It is

interesting to recall that in the summer of 1785 Gibbon estimated that there were no fewer than 40,000 Englishmen in Italy. These visitors formed a close relationship with painters who specialised in views of Venice, especially Canaletto and later Guardi. Indeed, Canaletto's success was almost entirely built up on his English clientèle, and when the war of the Spanish Succession interrupted the flow of English visitors to Venice he came to England himself and spent nine years here on and off, painting views of this country. The superb series of Canalettos in the Royal collection were purchased by George III. from Consul Joseph Smith, and his Majesty the King has graciously lent no fewer than twelve works to the present exhibition.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

FRENCH into English, generally speaking, won't go. Whatever purists like to say, it is a special case; while other languages are fairly docile, French resists all the time. So it is never comfortable to be dealing with a French novel. In English garb they all seem indefinitely a little queer; and this peculiarity may be interpreted as not coming off, or from a different bias, as distinction of a high kind. One can't quite think away the twist, and judge the book itself—not even when the substance is completely approachable.

"The Forests of the Night," by Jean-Louis Curtis (John Lehmann; 12s. 6d.), with all its English sympathies and echoes, is a near-exception. I won't say that the author's study of the Occupation is the best yet, but it is certainly among the most attractive—and the most romantic. Not that he waves a flag. "Sombre" is his own word for the point of view, and the Resistance, what there is of it, is chiefly off-stage. And rather mild at that. There are few heroes in the little town of Saint-Clair; indeed, so few that it has earned a medal from the occupants, for what they call civic merit. Which means doing rather well out of the Germans and the whole war—but unavowedly, of course. The Marshal is the grand alibi; under the aegis of the Marshal, who can go wrong?

This all-too-human baseness is the moral groundwork. And yet the scene has a romantic quality; the war's black forest is romantic, and the leading figures are romantic without exception. Even when they are also comic—like M. de Balansun, that ultra-Gallic and sublime theorist, who gushes into rhetoric on every theme and takes it for profound thought. M. de Balansun is a "collaborator," guileless as the babe unborn, until his schoolboy son talks him round; when he immediately becomes a fiery and convinced patriot. Francis, the boy, is just as pure of heart and not a great deal cleverer, but he is living in the real world. He is a young Christian knight, risking his life without parade or hate; and he will not survive, because the world is not worthy of him. His elder sister has been called an Amazon, and turns into a dark angel. She has been straining always at heroic virtue, and aware of tension, and the war finds her out. Then we have the tiger-cub, the true but not ignoble thing of prey: and the romantic character *par excellence*, the rich young Lucifer who scorns every side. The incidents live up to the romantic actors. Even on the lowest plane, and on the day of liberation, when the town behaves worst, there is more evil and grotesquerie than vulgar baseness. "Sombre" is not the word.

For "Operation Heartbreak," by Duff Cooper (Hart-Davis; 8s. 6d.), the word undoubtedly is "simple." Almost in every sense. Yet this transparent little book has raised a strange to-do; it has been cheered as a masterpiece, and jeered at as below parody, and all by critics who should know their stuff. Why these extremities of view; and which is right? I think the truth lies between; and I suspect that the dividing-line is one of age.

Willie, the regimental orphan, lives for the day of battle. But in the First War, he is just too young. India, racing and the club, and a frustrated love-affair, beguile his time until the next opportunity. Then he is just too old, and his heart breaks. And then they send him into action, as a dead body; everything, if he could only know it, has come right at last.

The point is that you have to feel for him, or else the story is indeed a joke. And some, especially the younger critics, can't do it. Willie is out of date; he is the essence of convention; he has not a thought beyond the done thing. In fact, he is so modest that it never strikes him to think at all. At one point he is contemplating suicide, "but he remembered having once heard his father say that to commit suicide was the act of a coward." Therefore he knows that he must stick it out. Well may they talk of parody. I was reminded more than once of Max Beerbohm, and of the exquisite simplicity we find in "Out of Harm's Way."

And Willie's attitudes are not merely naive and second-hand, they have become odious. He cries for war and slaughter like a great baby. He is shown baldly as a parasite, a brainless idler. . . . He is indeed; and what the hostile critics don't mention is that Sir Duff Cooper has been very bold. He tones nothing down; yet he must know how yesterday's convention is despised in all ages, how people fear even to seem not to have seen through it. Willie, when you get used to him, is really touching. He is as good as gold. He is naive and prim, but not censorious or self-righteous; and being a modest man, he learns by contact though he can't reason. Those who don't feel his pathos in the end must be extremely biased or exceptionally hard-hearted.

"Shadowed Path," by Eve Orme (Museum Press; 9s. 6d.), is founded on the seamy side of the Victorian convention. Grandfather Brodrick has one virtue—energy; if it can be called a virtue, when it is employed to crush all around him. Mostly, his womenfolk have run away: of which he is a little proud, though furious, because it showed strength of mind. His son is a repressed and hen-like little Army officer, for ever crossing bridges in advance and worrying about what people will say. But the child Frances is free-born. She ought to have a happy life; and when her father is moved to Guernsey, it appears to shape itself. For there she meets the boy John Fosse. They love each other once for all; it is a marriage of true minds, though neither is quite grown up.

And then abruptly they are torn apart, no one explains why. The children put it down to snobbery. But it is something else; it is old Brodrick, working on the third generation. What happens in the end, how Frances remakes her life, and how the Brodricks fare in delinquency, is a long story. The book is loosely knit, but various and well-peopled; and it has the charm of a robust humour.

"Fashioned for Murder," by George Harmon Coxe (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), is all about commercial photographs and costume jewellery. Linda has worn three pieces for a big advertisement in "Fashion Parade." And they are not worth anything, her mother said so. Why, she was not allowed to wear them in the street, because they looked vulgar. Then why the hold-up? Why the man on her trail? Why the mysterious and phoney agents? Jerry, the photographer, believes she made them all up. But he is wrong, of course, and soon the blood starts to flow. Plenty of action, palpitations, and assorted suspects; never a dull moment.

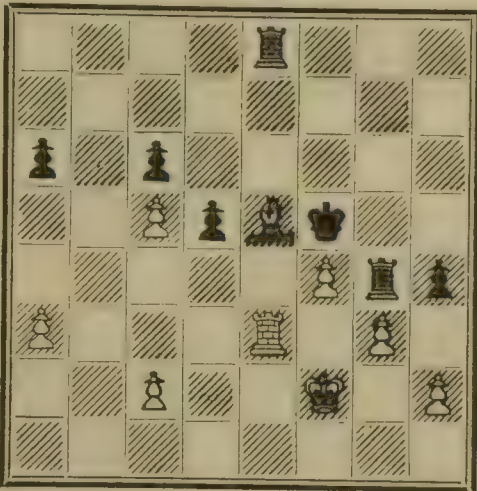
CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CAN a game of chess be drawn twice over? Yes, it has been done. Naturally, there was a catch in it!

At the British Chess Federation's Yarmouth congress in 1935, Fajarowitz had just reached the end of a tiring session against the strong lady player Sonia Graf.

BLACK (MISS GRAF).



WHITE (FAJAROWITZ).

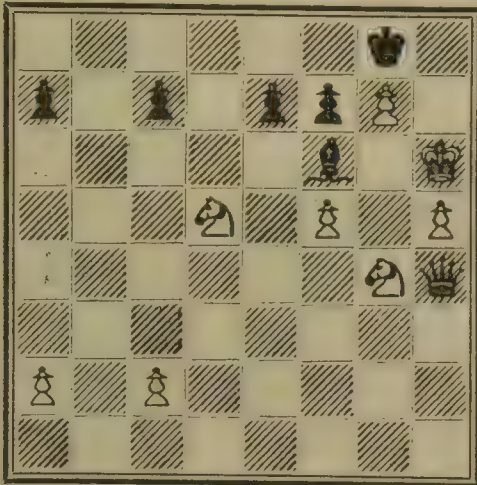
They had reached the position of our first diagram, but Fajarowitz in noting down the position inadvertently represented his queen's rook's pawn as being at QR2 instead of QR3. On resuming the game the pieces were set up from his incorrect diagram without either noting anything wrong. Play went on:

37. R-Kt3, P×Pch; 38. P×P, R×B; 39. P×R, R-QB5; 40. R-B3ch, K×P; 41. P-B3, R×P(B4); 42. R-K3ch, K-B4; 43. K-B3, R-B5; 44. R-Q3, R-QR5.

This move would win the QRP now, were it on its proper square! After ten more moves, the game was given up as drawn. Then the error was discovered. The rules enact that the game must be resumed from the correct position, so that the players had to sit down and start all over again. But they had seen enough of each other by now, and agreed a draw quickly!

In 1911 the following position was reached in a game between Amelung and von Helmserson:

BLACK.



WHITE.

Play proceeded 1. Kt(Kt4)×Bch, Q×Kt (if he take with the pawn, he is mated; can you see how?); 2. Kt×Qch, P×Kt.

Can you see what is going to happen? Neither side can avoid a complete deadlock and in the final position reached by 3. P-B4, P-B4; 4. P-R4, P-R4, both players were stalemated.

So you see there are more ways than one of drawing the same game twice over!

rather than European—climate, a knowledge of North Africa it is difficult to arrive at a true appraisal. Beautifully illustrated, this is outstanding in the vast number of travel-books which reach me.

To conclude by looking inwards instead of outwards, let me highly recommend "The Britain We Saw," by Herbert and Nancie Matthews (Gollancz; 16s.). For nearly five years Mr. Matthews was chief London correspondent of the *New York Times*. He and his wife have written their experiences—experiences based on the unique "extra-territorial rights" of a great correspondent who is trusted. The result is valuable, entertaining and shrewd. Tories and Socialists alike will sometimes find the authors almost too shrewd. But both Tories and Socialists alike will admit the right of the Matthews (as friends of the family) to prod us in some of our tenderest spots.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LOOKING OUTWARDS AND INWARDS.

I MUST confess that I approached Mr. Gerald Brenan's "The Face of Spain" (Turnstile Press; 15s.) with a certain amount of misgiving. For Mr. Brenan belongs (or belonged) to those who really believed in the "democratic" and "Parliamentary" basis of the Government in power at the beginning of the Spanish civil war—a Government whose uniformed police precipitated the uprising by the murder of the energetic young right-wing leader Calvo Sotelo. (To get an exact English parallel it is as if a Flying Squad car despatched by Mr. Ronald Howe, the head of the C.I.D., were to go to Mr. Anthony Eden's

house in Chesterfield Street, take him at pistol-point to Barnes Common, shoot him, and throw his bullet-riddled body on to the steps of the Conservative headquarters in Victoria Street to greet Lord Woolton on his arrival—and that Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, should protect the murderers. A certain amount of heat might be engendered at Question Time even here! However, while a little of the old *New Statesman* Adam remains in Mr. Brenan, so that much of his journey is seen through pink-tinted spectacles, there are many of his main conclusions with which few who know or love Spain will quarrel. And there are few who will not delight in his skilful delineation of the Spanish character and his evocation of the Spanish countryside. Politically, though he went to Spain to avoid politics—"especially the hopeless politics of the Peninsula," he explodes two illusions. One is that "Franco can be got rid of by reducing the country to its last legs." In our ridiculous unwisdom we have tried that, inflicted great suffering on the poorest classes and greatly strengthened the régime. The other is "that the alternative to Franco is Parliamentary democracy. . . . The Monarchist movement which offers the only hope of change will remain a weak *fronde* of café politicians and grumblers so long as there is the least likelihood of a political democracy arising out of their efforts." As Mr. Brenan points out, the reason is not hard to seek. The main preoccupation of Spaniards is to avoid another civil war—a million dead out of 28,000,000 is a high price to pay for your politics—and they fear a Parliamentary democracy (and what would be, in Spain, its inevitable weakness) as leading ultimately to that horrible end. But, as he says, he did not go to Spain to talk politics, but to revisit a country he had known and loved well. If you want a picture of Spain to-day—its people, its wealth of natural and man-made beauty, its tremendous attraction, Mr. Brenan has drawn it for you. If you have not been there, his book will set you turning over the tourist literature of the cheapest country in Europe (Mr. Brenan lived in Madrid's Piccadilly, in a hotel, full pension with a private bathroom, for 10s. a day). If you know Spain, you will recognise all of it with the affection with which one scans the traits of an old friend.

Very different and rather pathetic is "The Last Optimist" (Putnam; 18s.), by J. Alvarez del Vayo. Señor Alvarez—the Foreign Secretary in the Madrid Government during the civil war—belongs to an age which is as vanished as the horse-bus. I remember attending the first meeting of the United Nations at the Central Hall, Westminster. There they all were: the old, familiar faces of the League of Nations days; the busy French journalists; the professional attenders of conferences; the lobbying; the infinite concern over who was to become *rapporteur* of this committee or that; the wooing of what "Beachcomber" called the representatives of "Haiti, Taiti, Tiddly-aiti and all the smaller and nastier nations"; the careful avoidance of great issues until too late. I spotted M. Paul Boncour. Mme. Tabouis was there. With a chill at my heart and muttering: "This is where I came in ten years ago," I left. Señor Alvarez del Vayo belongs to that world. The son of a Monarchist General he early plunged into revolutionary politics in Spain in the days when they were academically exciting, when to be young was very Bevan. Since then he has been in the heart of most Left-wing revolutionary movements and, as a historical study of them, the book is fascinating. Otherwise it is a sad reminder of the effects of exile on an interesting character. It was not only the Bourbons evidently who "learnt nothing and forgot nothing."

To return to the touristic angle of the Iberian peninsula, there appears another picture of the Iberian scene, "The Pillars of Hercules" (Hutchinson; 18s.), another of Mr. Alan Houghton Brodrick's "travel-books plus." Mr. Brodrick's journeys always make good reading, and this recent one, through Portugal and Spain, is no exception. There is always something out of the way to be found on each page—historical, personal and/or gastronomic. He has a nose for the unusual and a lively pen to describe it. (Has it run away with him, perhaps, in his attribution of the age of the Dama de Elche—that magnificent piece of Ibero-Celtic sculpture, a representation of which appears on the one-peseta notes—to no earlier than the third century? I have heard it assigned to a much more remote period.) However: admirably readable, and should set your feet itching for the open road—or at least the one that leads to the door of Messrs. Thomas Cook.

Of Mr. Rom Landau's "Invitation to Morocco" (Faber; 18s.), little needs to be said except that this distinguished writer has scored again—and that, also, it is a good book to read in conjunction with those already reviewed on Spain. For so much in Spain is African temperament (in Andalusia), architecture—that without



"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," BY NICHOLAS STUART GRAY, AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE: THE PRINCE IN HIS BEAST FORM (ALAN BADEL), MIKEY, THE IMMATURE DRAGON (ALARIC COTTER), AND THE DAINTY, RATHER PRIM VICTORIAN BEAUTY OF 1840 (JILL RAYMOND) (L. TO R.)

ADVENTURE, FAIRYLAND AND PANTOMIME: CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS IN LONDON.



THE NEW PRODUCTION OF "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE STOLL: ROSAMUND (VIRGINIA VERNON), BETTY (STELLA DAVISON), JIM (JOHN WRIGHT), CRISPIAN (STEPHAN STEELE), THE DRAGON KING (EDMUND PURDOM), AND ST. GEORGE (ANTON DOLIN).



"THE BLACK ARROW," AT THE OLD VIC: THE INN SCENE, WITH (L. TO R.) JOANNA (TARN BASSETT), DICK SHELTON (DENIS QUILLEY), INNKEEPER (DUNCAN ROSS), CLIPSBY (PETER RETEY), SIR DANIEL (MERVYN BLAKE), CONNOR (LAUGHLAN MCLEAN).



ANTON DOLIN AS ST. GEORGE OF ENGLAND IN SHINING ARMOUR IN "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE STOLL: HE IS KILLING THE DRAGON KING (EDMUND PURDOM) ON THE RAMPARTS OF THAT MONSTER'S OWN CASTLE.



"GOODY TWO-SHOES," AT THE LONDON CASINO: MARTHA, THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE (ARTHUR ASKEY), WITH HER DONKEY, CECIL (JAY FIPS). LORD GORGEOUS GLAMOUR (LEON CORTEZ) IS CONDUCTING THE AUCTION.

CHRISTMAS entertainments in London offer a choice of pantomime, romantic fantasy, fairy-tale and cloak-and-dagger drama for boys and girls on holiday and grown-ups with a taste for the seasonable. Mr. Gray's "Beauty and the Beast," at the Westminster Theatre, introduces, among other innovations, a delightful immature dragon, nephew to the—rather bungling—wizard, and sets his scene in the years 1340 and 1840.—The Young Vic Company, produced by Michel Saint-Denis, are appearing in their reopened Waterloo Road Theatre, in John Blatchley's dramatisation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Black Arrow."—Emile Littler has selected "Goody Two-Shoes" as his tenth annual London pantomime at the London Casino, with Arthur Askey as the Old Woman.—The new production of that favourite Christmas play with music by Roger Quilter, "Where the Rainbow Ends," at the Stoll, has charming scenery and dresses by Phillip Gough, and Anton Dolin as St. George of England. Charles Heslop presents the wicked Uncle Joseph with great humour, and the fairies and dragons are from the Corps de Ballet of the Festival Ballet. Winifred Shotter plays Vera Carey.

PANTOMIME ON STAGE AND ICE, TRADITIONAL
YET MODERN, AND "PETER PAN" IN LONDON.



"BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN IN ONE OF THE SCENES OF VAL PARNELL'S PRODUCTION, WHICH HAS SONNIE HALE AS THE DAME AND ADELE DIXON FOR PRINCIPAL BOY.



"MOTHER GOOSE," AT THE PRINCES THEATRE: HY HAZELL AS THE DASHING PRINCIPAL BOY AND SANDRA DORNE AS THE BLONDE PRINCIPAL GIRL, WITH A STATIC GOOSE, IN BERTRAM MONTAGUE'S PRODUCTION.

This year the list of London pantomimes includes two "Babes in the Wood"—Val Parnell's very up-to-date version of the classic tale, at the London Palladium, with Sonnie Hale as a vastly entertaining and exceedingly short-sighted Dame, and Adèle Dixon as an impressive Principal Boy; and Claude Langdon's beautiful version on ice at the Empress Hall—his second ice pantomime—with Robin Hood



THIS YEAR'S PRODUCTION OF BARRIE'S "PETER PAN": MARGARET LOCKWOOD, IN THE NAME-PART, FLIES IN AT THE WINDOW TO THE SURPRISE OF MICHAEL (WARREN HEARNDEN) AND JOHN (BARRY MACGREGOR; RIGHT).



"BABES IN THE WOOD" ON ICE, AT THE EMPRESS HALL: THE SLEEPING BABES GUARDED BY THE FAIRY QUEEN, ROBINS, GNOMES AND BUTTERFLIES, ALL ON SKATES. ROBIN HOOD IS PLAYED BY THE SKATING STAR BELITA.

played by Belita, the celebrated skating star.—"Mother Goose," at the Princes Theatre, presents a number of exceedingly clever people doing clever things within the pantomime tradition. Hy Hazell is a most dashing and elegant Principal Boy with Sandra Dorne as her blonde and gentle opposite number. The Goose (Joe Arthur) is provided with an attendant fairy, Valerie Forrest, whose appearance is heralded by the use of Tchaikovsky's oboe theme from "Lac des Cygnes," which *The Times* critic thinks may be a hint that geese are sometimes swans.—This year's production of Barrie's evergreen annual, "Peter Pan," at the Scala Theatre, has the well-known film actress Margaret Lockwood as its Peter. It will be remembered that she played the part last year with signal success.

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knowledge, virtue
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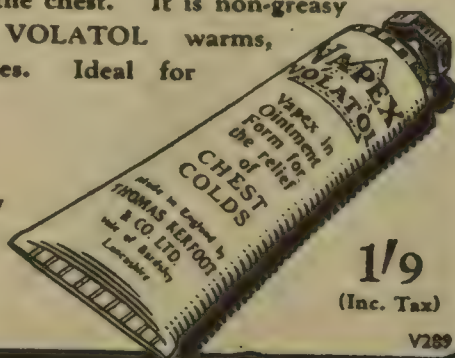
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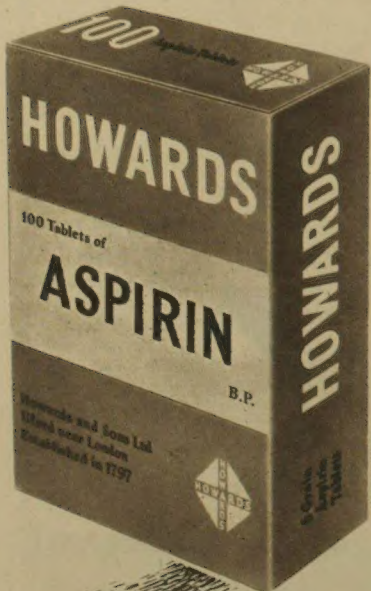
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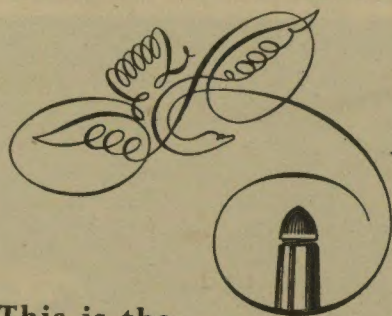
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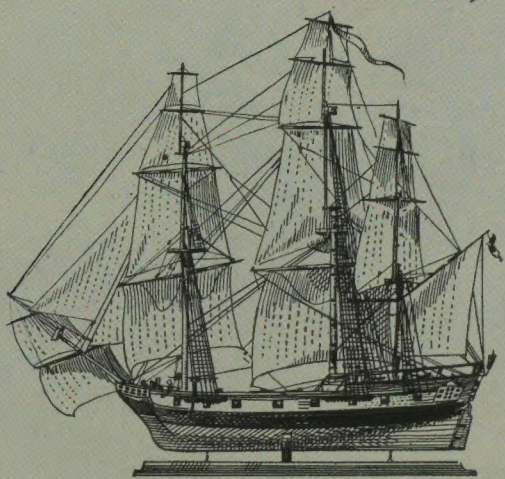
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